The oldest American: how to live to be 133

Third annual future events contest / The great Colorado drug bust

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THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times

The testing of Ronald Reagan

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New Times

FEBRUARY 6, 1976
VOLUME 6, NUMBER 3

TOP OF THE NEWS

Reflections on Ronald Reagan's road show

It was a good week to be with the Republican challenger, the week in which he was tested in the crucible of the $90 billion misunderstanding. At the end of it, Reagan admitted, "Sometimes when I am lying in bed waiting for sleep to come, I ask myself, 'Why am I running?' "

By Robert Sam Anson
Page 18

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BURNETT

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Third Annual Future Events Contest

Will Julie and David undergo *est* in 1976? Will Henry replace Bowie Kuhn? The editors of *New Times* invite you to test your prognostic skills.
Page 26

LOCAL COLOR

The oldest living American at 133: "I feels all right, how you feelin'?"

Researchers call him "a totally authentic survival machine." Charlie Smith—an 133-year-old man who has been a slave, a cowboy and a dance-hall manager—pays them about as much mind as he does historians who credit Lincoln with freeing the slaves. "Ab'ham Lincoln didn't free nobody from nothin'. Union Army freed the colored people. I was there. I know it."

By Sam Merrill
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THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Rocky Mountain low

Around 1970, hip urbanites invaded the small mountain town of Telluride, Colorado, and soon took over its government. But then the overzealous sheriff caught a whiff of marijuana and the whole town almost went up in smoke.

By Roger Williams
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Fulminations
Two presidential aspirants with a bad case of foot-in-mouth disease.
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Marion Javits and the Shah's international harem.
By Robert Scheer
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Movies:
Pain and fancy
Directors ranging from Truffaut to Damiano are playing variations on sadomasochistic themes.
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Music: Teasing, calculated *Desire*
Fans who first heard Dylan's new songs in concert may be in for a disappointment.
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Books: A jackdaw's nest
In *The Spoiled Child of the Western Word,* British writer Henry Fairlie sets out to explore modern-day Americans.
By Geoffrey Wolff
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Final Tribute
Cher's learned it takes two to tango.
By Marie Brenner
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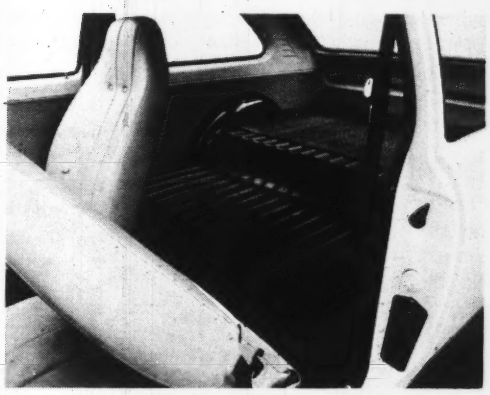
What's the world come to when a backseat is considered optional equipment?



The 1976 Chevette.
The new idea from Detroit.

As incredible as it may seem, on the 1976 Chevette Scooter, for your $2,899,* you don't get a backseat. You get a space where a backseat could go. If you want a backseat, it costs you an extra $199.

It's part of a trend in the auto industry. Things that people once considered important to the design and safety of a car are now considered luxuries.

On many cars, radial-ply tires are now optional. Padded steering wheels are optional. Power-assisted brakes are optional. Even day/night rearview mirrors are optional.

And many of the things that make a car look better are anything but standard.

For example, on the standard VW Rabbit, armrests, vinyl interior trim and vinyl seats, and bright metal exterior trim, and carpeting are yours. But only at extra cost. They've even left off the rubber pads on the brake and gas pedals. Those are optional, too.

On the standard Chevette Scooter, the door panels are embossed cardboard and the bumpers and hubcaps aren't aluminum or chrome. They're metal painted gray.

Why are we telling you this?

Because even today a few cars still give you a great deal of standard equipment for your money. And we're happy to say one of them is Fiat.

On the standard Fiat 128, our least expensive model, the door panels are vinyl not cardboard. The seats are vinyl instead of cloth. The bumpers are aluminum and rubber instead of painted metal. There are front door armrests. Passenger-assist handles. An electric windshield washer. A day/night rearview mirror. All standard.

Radial-ply tires, which cost $100 to $200 extra on many cars, are standard on the Fiat. Power-assisted front disc brakes are standard. Rack-and-pinion steering is standard.

And then you get things standard on the Fiat you couldn't get on most cars even as options: front-wheel drive, 4-wheel independent suspension, a transverse-mounted overhead cam engine.

Instead of a long list of options we give you a long list of standards.

Now that you know all this, we hope that when you go out to buy a car you'll take the time to figure out the real price of the car, the price that includes everything you want on it. And that you won't fall for the stripped-down price on the sticker. It will save you a fortune. And it's been known to make us a few customers.

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Behind The Scenes

For *New Times* political editor Robert Anson, covering Ronald Reagan turned out to be, among other things, a lesson in paranoia. Anson's first introduction to the Reagan press bus came from a Secret Service agent intoning through the public address sytem, "We all remember what happened in Miami, so I'd like to ask you to keep your eyes open. If you see anything funny, tell us."

The Miami incident, of course, had been Squeaky Fromme's friend jamming a plastic pistol into Reagan's chest. Affected by the heightened fear surrounding him, Anson soon spotted something he found ominous. During a Reagan speech, Anson noticed a man with a camera, leaning close over the rail snapping flash pictures. What seemed curious was the fact that the man never moved his camera. As he kept popping the same picture over and over, Anson began counting: 10 pictures, 20, 30, 36 . . . 40, 45. . . . Obviously, Anson thought to himself, there is no film in the camera. And there was that familiar grin on the man's face, a grin he had seen on the face of another "photographer"—Arthur Bremer. Anson got up and spoke quietly to the nearest Secret Service man, and the two began to watch together. Nothing happened, of course, which caused Anson to muse later, "Something is sick. I can't decide whether it is me or the political climate that makes people with funny smiles suspect." In any case, Anson was not alone in his fears. "Reporters with the campaign," he noted, "seldom strayed very far from the candidate. Nobody was talking about it, but everyone was keeping a death watch."

If nothing else, the year 1975 proved that there is not one credible seer among all *New Times* readers: Of the thousands of entries sent into the Future Events Contest, not one had fewer than a dozen mistakes. We had high hopes in particular for one entry that came to us under the name "Jeanne Dixon." As it developed, not only was the author a hoax but, with over 20 incorrect answers, a bad one at that.

Patterns, however, did develop. Faith in economics and personal relationships seemed lower than called for: Just about everyone underestimated the Dow Jones average and the strength of Mick Jagger's marriage. And very few contestants pegged Reagan as a presidential candidate.

Among those who failed to understand the ambitions of the gentleman from California was the winner, Allen Jay Lowe.

Ronald Reagan and Robert Sam Anson on the campaign plane.

"I'd heard of him, but I just couldn't believe he'd try," explained Lowe, a third-year law student at American University. He also couldn't quite believe he'd won. "It's the first contest I've ever entered," he said. In fact, he wouldn't have entered this one had it not been for a fellow classmate who prodded Allen to take a chance "in the spirit of competition." Although Allen answered most of the questions himself, the friend was brought in as a consultant on a few of the stickier ones in the belief that two heads are better than one. In at least one instance, the theory proved false: "I wanted to pick the Philadelphia Flyers as winners of the Stanley Cup. But Peter convinced me that their winning in '74 had been a fluke."

George A. Hirsch

New Times

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Letters

Sparking off Flynt

My ultimate dream is to take Larry Flynt ("Grossing out with publishing's hottest hustler," January 9), place him in the clutches of a team of talented female surgeons and watch as they proceed to amputate his very raison d'être—disarm him, so to speak. That's my ULTIMATE DREAM!

J.R. Ely
New York City

I just read Bob Ward's story and want you to know that it's the best piece of journalism I've read this year. Or last year. And probably next year.

Michael Putney
Staff Writer
The National Observer
Silver Spring, Maryland

The *Hustler* piece misses the whole point. Larry Flynt is the Horatio Alger of 1976—for whatever that says about our society. I know Flynt, having attended one of his orgies and having spent a week with him in Jamaica. He is crude and uneducated—but he is bright, shrewd and bold. He is nobody's fool, although Robert Ward fills 13 pages with ridicule to make him seem like one. A fellow I know whose personal income exceeds a million dollars a year met with Flynt recently and came away telling me that he knows presidents of conglomerates who don't have Flynt's savvy or his understanding of the raw guts of capitalism. None of this comes through in the hatchet job that you published.

Lyle Stuart
Secaucus, New Jersey

Your first issue of the new year is horrible. If the public wants to read such "indigestible stuff," let them look elsewhere for it. Porn's new prince should go back to the eighth grade and try to learn something decent. I'm burning this issue before my grandchildren drop by and see it in my home. I am a charter subscriber of this magazine and not proud of it.

H.M. Hammett
Proud, Wisconsin

Perhaps the pitiful man who demanded that *Hustler* show nude women "making beds, cleaning filthy ovens" is representative of *Hustler* 's readership: men who are insecure in their own masculinity and need to see women portrayed in such a fashion so that their own norm of "keeping them barefoot and pregnant" may be maintained. What such men need is education and opportunity to learn about women as equals so they can cope with female equality.

But at least Larry Flynt is honest. Publications such as *Playboy* and *Penthouse* merely cover up their sexism and exploitation of women by printing stories by known authors. Underneath, they are as guilty as *Hustler* in demeaning and insulting women. At least Flynt does not insult our intelligence with a pretense of intellectualism.

Susan Dolin
Beachwood, Ohio

Admittedly I am over 50, but I fail to understand the need for the January 9 cover, nor do I understand the need for some of the deliberate shock words. Most of us oldsters need a little pushing and prodding—but why deliberately turn us off with cheap vulgarity? Frankly, your January 9 issue is one that I am ashamed to have face up on my desk, not so much out of prudery but because it seems so outrageously cheap.

George Nichols
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Simonizing

Whenever I want to convince myself that the human race is capable of a deep, full, lush sensitivity, I go to the music of Paul Simon. Thanks for giving us a straight, cool, appreciative article on him (Music, January 9). I am so weary of reading clever critiques and catty reviews. Janet Maslin's piece was like a breath of fresh air.

Bryant Phillips
Leeds, Alabama

The smallest room

I enjoyed Geoffrey Wolff's review of the book *The Bathroom* (January 9). But he ended his piece with a garbled anecdote which ought to be set exactly aright, since it is one of the prize gems in the history of critic-baiting. The man who took umbrage was not a writer of books but the German composer Max Reger, who was smarting from Rudolph Louis' adverse review of his Opus 90 *Sinfonietta* in the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten* of 7 February 1906. Wrote Reger to Louis: "I am sitting in the smallest room of my house. I have your review before me. In a moment it will be behind me." Too bad Reger's music isn't as good as his quip.

Caldwell Titcomb
Auburndale, Massachusetts

Canadian socialism

It is rare that an American publication grants space to political events in Canada (Insider, January 9), and apparently rarer still that such a report is accurate.

To ascribe our recent defeat in British Columbia to a "massive case of bad timing" alone is simply naive. It was not 58,000 Teamsters that the Government sent back to work but a collection of workers involved in industrial disputes from several industries and several unions, including the Teamsters. And while organized labor was not supportive of the "cooling off period" that our Government imposed, with few exceptions, labor worked hard to reelect our Government.

It is interesting to note that our percentage of the popular vote increased marginally, despite the defeat, to about 40 percent. The result was therefore not a wholesale repudiation of our Government or its record.

Robin V. Sears
Acting Federal Secretary
The New Democratic Party
Ottawa, Canada

Correction

In Geoffrey Wolff's book review of *A Man Named Tony* (January 23), a photo caption identifies former UMW president Boyle as thanking members for lying for him and admitting his part in the Yablonski murders. In fact, it was another union official, William Jackson Prater, who came clean and gave the thanks. Boyle was convicted but never admitted his guilt.

Ronnie & Jimmy revisited

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

Ronald Reagan these days must be having nervous thoughts of George Romney and Ed Muskie.

Romney, originally the consensus Republican front runner for president in 1968, blew his campaign in admitting he'd been "brainwashed" by optimistic military reports in Vietnam: He saw the light at the end of the tunnel too quickly. Senator Muskie, considered such a shoo-in for the Democratic nomination four years later that Nixon turned his dirty tricks boys out, fell apart in shedding public tears during the New Hampshire primary and went on to run in Florida like a man with two broken legs.

Now it's Ronald Reagan's turn to look very much like the promising Three Eye League slugger who, brought up to the parent club late in the season, can't hit the big league curve.

First Reagan fumed that he'd "eyeball" the Russians and inform them that if they got involved in Angola, "you're going to have to deal with us." It did not seem to occur to him that we'd said much the same to the Russians in Korea and Vietnam without reaping profit. When a certain public alarm became evident, Reagan refused to say what exact horrors his threat implied. Next, Ronnie Boy recommended slashing $90 billion in social services from the federal budget and leaving it to the individual states to pick up the slack. After several governors threw up their hands at the prospect of no federal funds to help their downcast, and President Ford's sidekicks gleefully began to smite Ronnie's plan "to kick the old people out in the snow," Ronnie backed and filled in, claiming "distortions" among his political foes and the media. Politicians are good at that, especially when they've managed to dump in their own mess kits.

Among Democrats, Jimmy Carter is looking less the white knight than formerly. When Carter, on a shoestring and a smile, began to be viewed as one somehow pulling in front of the Democratic pack, people started examining his record a little more closely. What has turned up is a candidate who, running on candor as a virtue, seems to have been a bit less than candid with us. Jimmy Carter's rosy report on how he reformed the Georgia bureaucracy, for example, does not seem to jibe with the facts. Georgia had almost 12,000 more state employees at the end of Carter's reign than when he began; its budget had risen from $1.06 billion to $1.65 billion. It's possible, of course, that natural growth and requirements accounted for the increase, and maybe Jimmy's not a whit at fault. For whatever reasons, bureaucrats didn't wither on the vine, as Jimmy tends to indicate.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROSALIND SOLOMON/BLACK STAR

Jimmy Carter: Time for the front-runners to rein in.

Liberals who have been enamored of Carter might be more chagrined to discover that in 1968 he recommended court-martialing Commander Lloyd Bucher, of the *Pueblo*, because the ill-fitted little spy boat didn't fight superior North Korean guns; that in 1970, while campaigning for governor, he pledged to have Alabama's George Wallace speak to the Georgia legislature (a promise he delivered on; he later did *not* deliver a promise to nominate George Wallace for president in 1972, going to Scoop Jackson at the last minute); and that he once called segregationist candidate Lester Maddox "a credit to the Democratic Party." He also said Lt. Calley was being made a "scapegoat" after the My Lai massacre. We all should be permitted to repent our past mistakes, if we believe in the redemption of sin, but the fact is that Jimmy Carter deserves closer scrutiny. He may be as charming and as sincere as he appears, or as calculating and opportunistic as his enemies claim: Nobody much knows what he truly stands for, and, except for being anti-Washington in a time when he knows it fits the prevailing public mood, Carter hasn't gone out of his way to tell us.

Neither Reagan nor Carter should be dismissed. Both won election as governor of large states when it appeared neither had a prayer in the beginning, each has used TV smoothly and to advantage and, though one likes to call himself a peanut farmer, they are both experienced actors. Reg Murphy, a former Atlanta editor now in San Francisco, though no friend of Carter's, says that he is "the best and most tireless campaigner I've ever seen." Watch Reagan in front of a fat-cat crowd cheering his stone-age bombast—especially if the cameras are on him—and you can see why he destroyed Pat Brown, Jesse Unruh and other once formerly proud old pols. If President Ford continues to bumble, and the Democrats continue to cluster in confusion, either of these two may be able to dream larger dreams. Meanwhile, though it may sound mean-spirited, there is something in Carter and in Reagan to cheer the skeptic as they walk around with egg on their faces. ●

Marion and the Shah of Iran

The Ruling Class

By Robert Scheer

Everybody's down on Marion Javits because she took a job lobbying for the Iranian government while her husband, the New York senator, serves on the Foreign Relations Committee. At first, Jake Javits and some other extreme women's libbers answered the charges of conflict of interest by insisting that Marion Javits is an independent woman entitled to her own politics. Which is fair enough, and even the most cursory exposure to the couple leaves one with the firm impression that they do not at all influence each other.

What's depressing is that this presumably enlightened and liberal woman should be working as an apologist for one of the more brutally repressive regimes to be found anywhere. Marion Javits is not alone in this perversion, for the Shah's fortune has attracted a host of prominent Americans to defend and advise him, along with a virtual Who's Who of leading American corporations. Top executives and personalities bundle off to Teheran on a regular basis, each obsessed with yet another plan to extoll the Shah's greatness while wasting the oil revenue of the Iranian people. Iran's oil is expected to run out within 30 years, at which point the predicted 50 million people living in that country will be left with wondrous plazas and freeways and little else.

Even the Shah's modern camp followers must recognize the enormous waste, but publicly they maintain an optimistic air as they join in the plunder. One of Marion Javits' projects, for example, is to make an elaborate film extolling the progress of the Shah's regime since its inception three decades ago. When I first heard about that project some months ago, I asked Mrs. Javits if it would be possible to make an objective film about the Shah when he was paying for it. Her response was that this would not be a problem because she had exclusively positive feelings about Iran.

When asked about the Shah's secret police, the Savaak, which has few rivals for efficient brutality, she said that she didn't know much about them. I suggested that she interview some of the Iranian students studying in this country who wear masks on their heads when they demonstrate for fear of being photographed by Savaak agents. These photographs are used as the sole basis of arresting and torturing students upon their return home. Amnesty International has compiled considerable data on such cases. But Mrs. Javits simply dismissed the large number of Iranian students who belong to the militantly anti-Shah Iranian Student Association as so many malcontents.

She's not alone in dismissing the complaints of these students. When the Shah and his wife the empress visited Washington, D.C., last spring there was a very spirited demonstration against him, but the press accounts focused much more on the empress' dress than on the issues raised by the students. One of those issues is the responsibility of the U.S. government for the installation of the Shah and his maintenance in power in Iran. At a time when Iran is the country most aggressively raising oil prices, it is rather odd that it is rarely pointed out that we would not be blessed with the Shah today were it not for the wonder of U.S. foreign policy.

In the early Fifties, the Shah was kicked out by a Democratic coalition led by Mossadeq, an advocate of nationalization of foreign oil companies. The CIA fomented street insurrections leading to a military takeover, and, in return for being put back on the throne, the Shah immediately granted U.S. oil companies 40 percent of the action in his country. For the next 20 years U.S. advisers trained the Shah's secret police and military and called the key economic decisions as well. They put together a grand public relations package for the Shah called the "White Revolution," but it failed to work, and the country remained miserably poor. Soon the Shah was feeling opposition pressure in the form of demonstrations in Teheran and increased guerrilla activity in the countryside, and something had to be done. The answer was more of the same lavish, capital-intensive projects. The only difference today is that since the OPEC price increases there is much more money available and more of an air of independence in Teheran. Now those Americans who want to play with the Iranian people's money have to hustle, which means lining up Iranian politicians and members of the Shah's family behind their pet project. In doing this, it cannot hurt to be the wife of a prominent senator. It's an altogether unseemly business to be conducting in what remains a very poor country, and one can safely predict that at some point there will be a far greater explosion against the Shah and his new crop of free-lance advisers from the U.S. than occurred in the Mossadeq-led uprising.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Javits and others in the fashionable set go on endlessly, as she did in her recent visit to San Francisco, about the beauties of Iranian art and the magnificent way the Shah is wedding the old and the new in his country. I witnessed a similar laudatory performance at a Blair House meeting between the empress and representatives of American women's colleges, which included most of the prestigious Seven Sisters. The women deans described in excruciating detail the financial traumas of private women's colleges in this country and their interest in Iranian students and other points of contact. Such cultural exchange would, of course, be funded by the Iranian government, a potentially lucrative source of much needed funds. No one thought to raise the unpleasant fact that at that moment the University of Teheran was closed because of student discontent with the Shah. When I later recounted this irony to Marion Javits and suggested that she incorporate it in her movie, she swished the ice in her glass, looked up with an endearing smile and said, "No, that would be boring." ●

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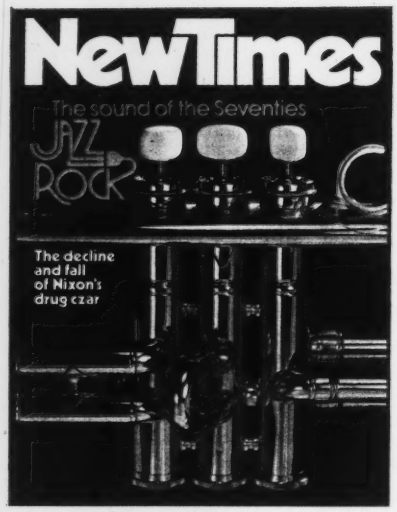

firsts. Newsbeats. Scoops. Sure you read about them in other magazines. Afterwards.

I'M INTO HIGH ENERGY. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
YEAH, YOU HAVE TO BE UP FRONT. LET PEOPLE KNOW WHERE YOU'RE COMING FROM.
I'VE BEEN KEEPING MY HEAD TOGETHER BY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MY BODY.
I'M MOVING TO THE COAST. YOU KNOW. THEY'RE INTO A WHOLE DIFFERENT HEADSET THERE. LAID BACK. YOU KNOW. MELLOW. REAL MELLOW.
I HEAR YOU.
YOU GOTTA GO WITH YOUR FEELINGS. LET IT HAPPEN. IT'S ALL PROGRESS.
I JUST GET PISSED OFF WITH MORE THAN ONE PERSON AROUND. I CAN'T HELP IT. I'M TRYING TO WORK TH[illegible] BE LESS UPTIGHT.

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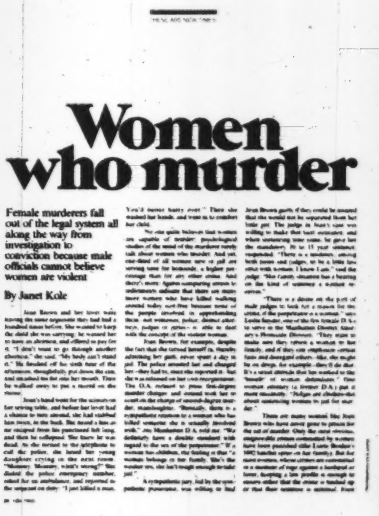

Women who murder

Female murderers fall out of the legal system all along the way from investigation to conviction because male officials cannot believe women are violent

By Janet Kole

Jean Bowers and her lover were leaving the motel opposite the bar they had a hundred times before. She wanted to keep the child she was carrying; he wanted her to have an abortion, and offered to pay for it. "I don't want to go through another abortion," she said. "My body can't stand it." He finished off his sixth beer of the afternoon, thought for about five seconds, and smashed the first beer bottle. Then he walked over to put a mortal on the

Jean's hand went for the scissors on her sewing table, and before her lover had a chance to turn around, she had stabbed him twice in the back. He neared a first or two escaped from his punctured left lung, and then he collapsed. She knew he was dead. So she turned to the telephone to call the police, she heard her young daughter crying in the next room. "Mommy, Mommy, what's wrong?" She dialed the police emergency number, asked for an ambulance, and reported to the sergeant on duty: "I just killed a man. I'm a mean bitch, and I'm sorry I'm not sorry, even." Then she washed her hands, and went in to comfort her child.

No one quite believes that women are capable of murder: psychological studies of the mind of the murderer rarely talk about women who murder. And yet, one-third of all women now in jail are serving time for homicide, a higher percentage than for any other crime. And there's many figures comparing arrests to indictments indicate that there are many more women who have killed walking around today, not free because some of the people involved in apprehending them, not witnesses, police, district attorneys, judges or juries—a refer to deal with the concept of the violent woman.

Jean Bowers, for example, despite the fact that she turned herself in, thanks admitting her guilt, never spent a day in jail. The police arrested her and charged her—they had to, since she reported it. but she is released on her own recognizance. The D.A. refused to press first-degree murder charges and instead took her to court on the charge of second-degree murder, manslaughter. "Basically, there is a sympathetic response to a woman who has killed someone she is sexually involved with," says Montgomery D.A. Bill Orr. "We definitely have a double standard with regard to the sex of the perpetrator." If a woman has children, the feeling is that "a woman belongs in the family. She's the mother-see, she hasn't enough morals to take

A sympathetic jury, led by the sympathetic prosecutor, was willing to find Jean Bowers guilty if they could be assured that she would not be separated from her little girl. The judge in Jean's case was willing to make that kind assurance, and when sentencing time came, he gave her the manslaughter. It's an 11 year sentence, suspended. "There is a tendency, among both juries and judges, to be a little less strict with women. I know I am," said the judge. "But I don't—situation has a bearing on the kind of sentence a woman receives."

"There is a desire on the part of male judges to look for a reason for the crime, if the perpetrator is a woman," says Leslie Smaller, one of the few female D.A.s to serve in the Manhattan District Attorney's Homicide Division. "They want to make sure they reform a woman to her friends, and if they can emphasize certain facts and disregard others—like, she might be on drugs, for example—they'll do that. It's a social attitude that has worked to the benefit of women defendants." One women attorney (a former D.A.) put it more succinctly. "Judges are chivalrous—that almost outstanding women to jail for murder."

There are many women like Jean Bowers who have never gone to prison for the act of murder. Only the most atrocious, outrageously crimes committed by women have been punished (like Lizzie Borden—1892 hatchet slayer of her family). But for many women, whose crimes are committed in a moment of rage against a husband or lover, keeping a low profile is enough to ensure either that the crime is handled up or that their sentence is minimal. Four

We were the first national magazine to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview that protean fugitive, Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)

The new wave of doubt about the JFK assassination started in NEW TIMES, with stories like the one that showed there had to be several Oswalds. We were the first national magazine to tell the world those little aerosol cans could be the death of us all. We put est (Erhard Seminars Training) in the public eye. We reported the murder trials of Peter Reilly and Joan Little long before they hit the front pages. And so it goes.

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NewTimes

The anti-abortion candidate for president
Salvador Dali's surreal flight from Spain

EDITED BY
TONY SCHWARTZ

The Insider

Politics

A candidate is born

It isn't startling news that among the 75 mostly obscure people who have filed with the Federal Elections Commission as presidential candidates, there are a number of women. What is surprising is that one of them—a Long Island housewife—has parlayed a single emotional issue into a highly successful fund-raising effort. Ellen McCormack, who is seeking the Democratic nomination, may well qualify for matching funds before such better-known candidates as Milton Shapp of Pennsylvania, Frank Church of Idaho and Robert Byrd of Virginia.

Active in the "Right to Life" movement since 1969, McCormack is strictly an anti-abortion candidate. She has assured herself a spot on the ballot in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. In addition, she has already raised more than $100,000, including upwards of $5,000 in 13 states and $4,000 in six others. When she has raised $5,000 in each of 20 states, McCormack will be eligible for matching federal funds.

McCormack, who is married to a New York City deputy police inspector, plans to use the funds she has raised and the expected federal money to "reach millions of people and advise them of the rights of the unborn."

Campaign notes

Some months ago, Common Cause sent out a letter to presidential candidates asking them to abide by a set of nine campaign standards, including regular press conferences, financial disclosure and debates. Although candidates multiply faster than we can get out our magazine, our last word was that all but two of those contacted had agreed to comply. One exception was Ronald Reagan, who promised a reply in November but has yet to give one.

And then there is the case of Independent candidate Eugene McCarthy, who has actively opposed the regulation of political campaigns. In a letter to Common Cause Chairman John Gardner, McCarthy's campaign chairman, Ronald Cocome, took a blunt approach: "I don't know who the blazes you think you are. . . . You can take your enclosed standards and stuff them in your ear."

—Speaking of Gene McCarthy, his Independent candidacy for president is continuing to attract little media attention. "He's drawing record crowds wherever he goes," claims campaign chairman Cocome, "but he isn't getting coverage because most reporters don't understand the complexity of trying to run as an Independent." The best-known figure yet to announce for McCarthy is Norman Mailer. The novelist recently hosted a small fund-raiser in New York and took time out to do a campaign film on the former Minnesota senator's behalf. McCarthy is reportedly close to choosing a vice-presidential running mate, and possibilities include Senator Mark Hatfield (R-Ore.), Governor James Longley (Ind -Maine) and Senator Charles Mathias (R-Md), if he chooses not to make a run for the top spot himself.

ANDREW SCHNEIDER

McCarthy: independent, as ever

—The new campaign finance law has made life difficult for some candidates and miserable for others (alas, poor Jerry). But nobody has paid much attention to the people it has most affected—fat cats who traditionally pumped small fortunes into presidential campaigns. Election year used to be a great time for the likes of a Clement Stone or a Max Palevsky. A hundred thousand dollars or so and they were able to buy ringside seats to the most exciting power game around.

No more. Take the case of self-styled liberal philanthropist Stewart Mott. Under the spending law, he can contribute only $1,000 to any one candidate. So perhaps Mott thought he'd found a clever solution when he sat down recently and hedged his bet by penning eight copies of the same letter. It began, "Dear Birch and Frank and Gene and Jimmy and Mo and Terry and Sarge and Fred, I just can't wait any longer. All eight of you deserve support and encouragement in your presidential campaigns." Enclosed in each envelope was a hefty check . . . for $250. Gee, Stu, we figure that might get you a bumper sticker *and* an autographed portrait!

—Mo Udall may have only one eye, but he has no trouble seeing what kind of car his wife drives. Udall, who himself drives a Pacer, is dismayed at his wife's more ostentatious choice. Says Mrs. Udall: "Mo doesn't like the car I drive, but I've got a baby blue Cadillac to match his baby blue *eye*."

Kennedy: moving mountains

It was another irresistible Kennedy image: the smiling family clan out together on the ski slopes during the Christmas holidays. Even Jackie O. came along and chatted amiably with a slew of photographers. Teddy, meanwhile, picked up political points by stoically announcing that he would give up skiing rather than cross the picket lines of lift operators. (The lift operators were on strike, like most of their fellow workers at the resort, in sympathy with bus drivers.) All in all, a

UPI

Kennedy clan: to ski or not to ski

considerably more elegant impression than the one created by pictures of a nearby President Ford sprawled in the snow after a fall.

Appearances, though, can be deceiving. Ford, after all, is reportedly an excellent skier. Teddy, on the other hand, may have given up skiing but he did not avoid crossing picket lines. To enter the Sun Valley Inn complex, the Massachusetts senator had to cross picket lines or picket signs; he had to do so again when he went ice-skating. And sacrificing skiing was made less unpleasant by the fact that mountain conditions at Sun Valley were uniformly terrible during the family's visit. After five days, when Kennedy finally decided to move his crew to Snowbird in Utah, a pleasant coincidence staved off any disappointment at leaving. A major snowfall there one day earlier had created near perfect conditions.

Don't believe everything you read

Just how much does pretrial publicity prejudice potential jurors? Perhaps not at all, according to a Marquette University psychology professor.

Using the media-saturated Patty Hearst case as a model, Harry Rollings tried to determine how much pretrial publicity influenced the attitudes of 438 Marquette students. As part of a psychology course, the students were asked a series of questions about the prosecution of Patty Hearst immediately following her arrest, and again one month later. The second survey followed taped revelations that Hearst herself made in jail, as well as considerable public speculation on the theory that she had been brainwashed by the SLA.

Uniformly, students exhibited little difference between their answers in the first survey and the second. Only 9 percent in the first survey and 8 percent in the second said they were brainwashed. In regard to sentencing, more than two-thirds of the students in both surveys predicted some type of prison sentence for the newspaper heiress.

"I'm not convinced that newspaper or television can influence attitudes of jurors as much as people think," Rollings concluded. "People read for information and sort out what they consider slanted news."

ILLUSTRATION BY MARILYN CHURCH

Juries: does publicity prejudice?

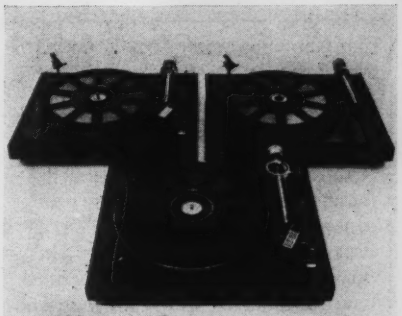
Mankiewicz: congressional script

The only other time he sought political office was in 1950, when he ran for the California legislature on Helen Gahagan Douglas' coattails. Since that defeat, Frank Mankiewicz has spent much of his time writing about and running campaigns against Richard Nixon, the man who beat Helen Douglas and destroyed any coattails she might have had.

Now Mankiewicz is on the verge of announcing for Congress in Maryland's 8th District. An author and columnist, his considerable political experience includes a stint as Robert Kennedy's press secretary and as campaign director for George McGovern in his 1972 presidential race. The congressional seat is vacant because Gilbert Gude, a Republican and close friend of Mankiewicz's, unexpectedly decided to retire recently. "The final filing date is March 8, and I'll announce my decision well in advance of that," the 52-year-old liberal Democrat told us. "It's a good district to represent. I wouldn't have to maintain two houses, and since I'm here all the time, I can be out campaigning when I go shopping at the supermarket."

Putting the nix on Ford

The irony that Gerald Ford's presidency might be saved by Richard Nixon operatives is unsettling to certain White House aides. However, in the last couple of months, the two



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men who have emerged as powers in the effort to bolster Ford's sinking ship are both onetime aides to Richard Nixon.

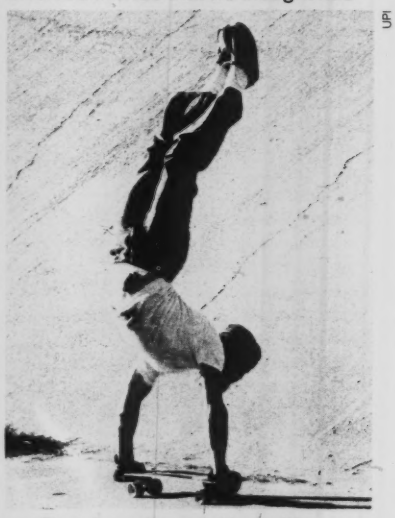
David Gergen,32, who ran Nixon's speechwriting team until the former President's resignation, was brought aboard to spruce up Ford's dreary speeches and to shore up his demoralized press office. A Harvard Law graduate, Gergen is the man who wrote the President's controversial speech denying aid to New York City. His appointment—which follows a stint as an aide to Treasury Secretary William Simon—disturbed some of Ford's senior aides, who believe ex-Nixonites have no place in the White House.

The second Nixon aide to emerge is Jerry Jones. A 36-year-old Harvard B.A. and M.B.A., Jones joined Nixon's staff in 1971 and served variously as personnel chief, staff secretary and field director for the Committee to Reelect the President. His new job entails handling Ford's schedule and—more important—working closely with campaign officials at the President Ford committee. He is regarded there as one of the few White House aides with good political sense.

Seventies

Back to the boards

This report won't come as much news to the 7,000 spectators who shelled out $4 each to witness the sport's championship a few months back, nor to the many Southern Californians now involved in a fad that we thought had gone the route of the hula hoop. So most of you will probably be as surprised as we were to learn that skateboards are back, bigger than ever. On California campuses, where the phenomenon is centered, reaction has set in at two extremes. Some colleges have initiated skateboarding clubs and designated skateboard paths; at other campuses, such as the University of California-Irvine, skateboarding has been banned entirely. ("People were riding around on them in halls, banging into passers-by and breaking things," a student explained to us.)



UPI

Skateboarding: getting a lift

Predictably, the newfangled skateboards are more elaborate and more expensive than their wood counterparts from the mid-1960s. At $30 to $40 each, today's boards are made of more durable plastics, and have shock-absorbing, street-hugging wheels. It even looks as if skateboards may catch on in some places as a form of mass transportation. Laguna Beach, for example, has legalized their use on city streets.

Selling simplicity

It's just no fun anymore being a leader in the no-hassles, no-pressure "back to the land" movement. A year ago *New Times* reported on the harried 18-hour days of one of its chief crusaders, John Shuttleworth, editor of the highly successful *Mother Earth News*. The pressure of spreading the word has apparently caught up with Shuttleworth, and he recently told his staff that he plans to sell the magazine. The final deal hasn't been consummated, but an associate says Shuttleworth is a "nervous wreck" and has already begun looking at campers in preparation for a long trip.

And then there's the case of Carla Emery, one of Shuttleworth's good friends and a fellow traveler. Her *Old-Fashioned Recipe Book*, a self-published, back to the land encyclopedia, has sold 15,000 copies and earned her a profile in *Time*. At her School for Country Living in Idaho, Emery offered a full course in homesteading and a philosophy that prized the simpler life.

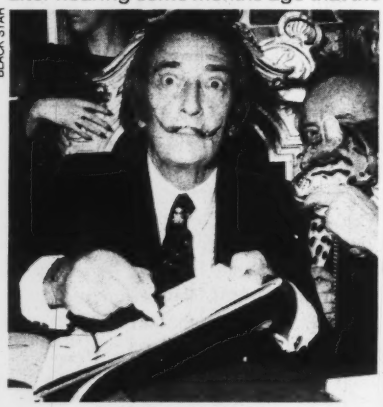
The projects were not enough. A true believer, Emery has always been anxious to spread the word. So just before the Christmas holidays she packed her five children into a van and set out on a self-conceived nationwide publicity tour. On December 4, while driving through Waukegan, Illinois, she collapsed at the wheel. The diagnosis: severe exhaustion, a direct result of overwork. Emery has been in hospitals ever since, and the School for Country Living has been suspended in her absence.

The moral? If you plan to go back to the land, don't tell anybody.

The Word

Goodbye Dali

Salvador Dali is alive, well and living at New York's St. Regis Hotel, following a recent attempt on his life in Spain that went unreported in the U.S. Seems that Dali, who dined frequently with the recently deceased Franco, made a rather controversial remark, after hearing some months ago that the dictator had ordered the execution of five Basques. "Only five?" Dali reportedly quipped. "Why don't they kill them all?" His sentiments were subsequently reprinted on the front pages of most of Spain's newspapers. In retaliation, the Basques planted a bomb at a table in a Madrid restaurant where the artist was scheduled to dine. As luck would have it, Dali was a few minutes late for his dinner—and the bomb. Not anxious to challenge fate a second time, Dali fled Spain immediately, leaving behind most of his belongings. New York associates now say that the surrealist painter has no intention of returning to Spain.



BLACK STAR

Dali: flight from fright

Portrait of an artist

A few months ago, artists Andy Warhol and Jamie Wyeth—an unlikely duo—bumped into each other at a party and came up with a clever idea: painting each other's portraits. And why not? After all, the media has taken to writing more and more about itself,

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How many times have you decided to give up smoking?

Nobody these days is telling you not to give up smoking.

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BLACK STAR/CHARLES STEINER

Warhol: Wyeth not?

and directors continue to make movies about making movies. Whether or not Warhol will keep his part of the bargain is unclear, but Wyeth has already begun commuting from his home in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, to Warhol's Factory in New York City. Because his technique is every bit as detailed and painstaking as that of his father, Andrew, Jamie usually likes to spend at least three months on a portrait. In the past he has convinced such peripatetic figures as Paul Mellon and Joseph E. Levine to sit for that long.

As for Andy, however, he is already showing signs of restlessness a week or so into the project. Shrugs Wyeth, who has set up a quiet corner for himself in the ever-busy Factory: "We'll just have to see. I hope it works because Andy has such an interesting face. Even under all that makeup, it's impossible to believe that he is really 52." And even harder to admit: Warhol's publishers say he was born "around 1930"; his followers at the Factory say he is 46.

The play's the thing

Even if the press doesn't have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore, there's no reason why the entertainment world can't get in a few good licks.

A play about the former president entitled *The Trial of Richard Nixon* is currently being shown to potential angels on Broadway. According to an associate of author Howard Koch, the only thing holding up production is "finding someone with the balls to put up the money."

Koch, whose credits include collaboration on the screenplay of *Casablanca* and writing the famous panic-inspiring Orson Welles' radio script *War of the Worlds,* describes the play as "an attempt to raise shoddiness and corruption to the level of tragedy."

The action takes place between the time of Nixon's resignation and his pardon by Gerald Ford—with flashbacks to his earlier life. Where possible, actual dialogue from the Watergate transcripts is used; to fill in the gaps, Koch relied on his imagination.

Though he spent seven years on the blacklist and is certainly no fan of Nixon's, Koch insists the play is not a diatribe. "The guilt is not Nixon's alone," says Koch. "It has to be shared by all of the 40-odd million people who voted for him."

Mind & Body

Citying pretty

Lead poisoning, high crime rates and pollution notwithstanding, the city appears to be a healthier environment for youngsters than the countryside. A government study shows that infants in rural areas under 1 year of age have a 45 percent greater chance of dying than city babies.

Why? The report speculates that rural parents lack the medical sophistication of their city counterparts, and cites the appalling paucity of medical services in rural areas. There are still three times more doctors per capita in suburbs than in rural regions.

Crazy for red, white and blue

Pallid, grey walls are one of the most depressing aspects of many institutions. Now an architect who designs mental institutions is trying to take into consideration the findings of three color psychologists who believe that certain hues can considerably affect mind and body.

Generally speaking, the psychologists have determined that red is a stimulant that appeals to extroverts, while blue has a restful quality attractive to introverts. Across a broad spectrum of subjects, red increases blood pressure, sex drive, mental activity and restlessness. Inasmuch as it encourages more focus on the external and less on the self, red can be an antidote to depression.

Blue has just the opposite effect. Restful and sedate, it has been found to lower the pulse rate, curb excitability and help concentration. Blue fosters introspection, and too much of it can induce melancholia.

Of course, the color design of an institution still depends on whether the goal is to calm people down or excite them. And meanwhile, if you're wondering, as we were, what it means to have a classic white room, rest easy. Our psychologist friends say that white is the most natural, clean and uncomplicated color of all.

PostScripts

Notes from the underground (*NT:* May 30, June 13, 1975)

A book that further illuminates Abbie Hoffman's life underground is due out in May. Ironically titled *To America With Love Letters from the Underground,* it is a collection of the correspondence between Anita and Abbie Hoffman from April 1974 to March 1975. Shortly after that date, *New Times* published its two-part interview with Hoffman, and the couple was forced to stop corresponding.

"I feel a little embarrassed because it's so personal," says Anita, "but I think women will identify with me and men with him. It's the closest Abbie ever gets to himself. It's not the media figure; it's a three-dimensional man." Anita herself has been living on welfare in New York since Abbie went underground. With his encouragement, she decided to publish the book in order to regain some financial stability.

And what of their future together? "I know I'll see him sometime," says Anita, "but we've both had to make separate lives. I accept all the limitations because I don't want him to be caught."

WIDE WORLD

The Hoffmans: letters home

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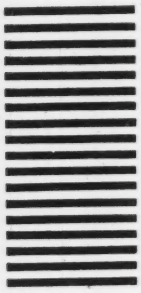
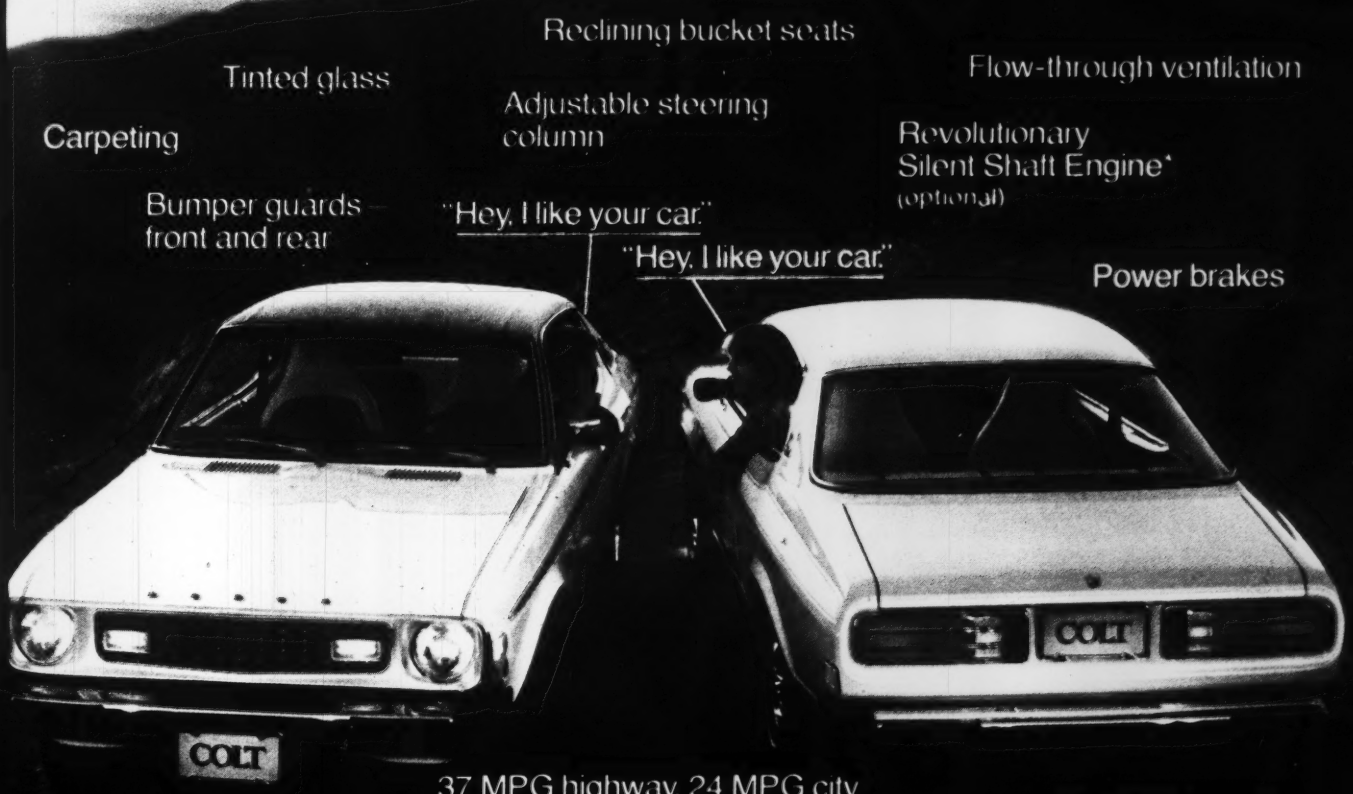


How did Dodge Colt put so much in such a little car?



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Dodge

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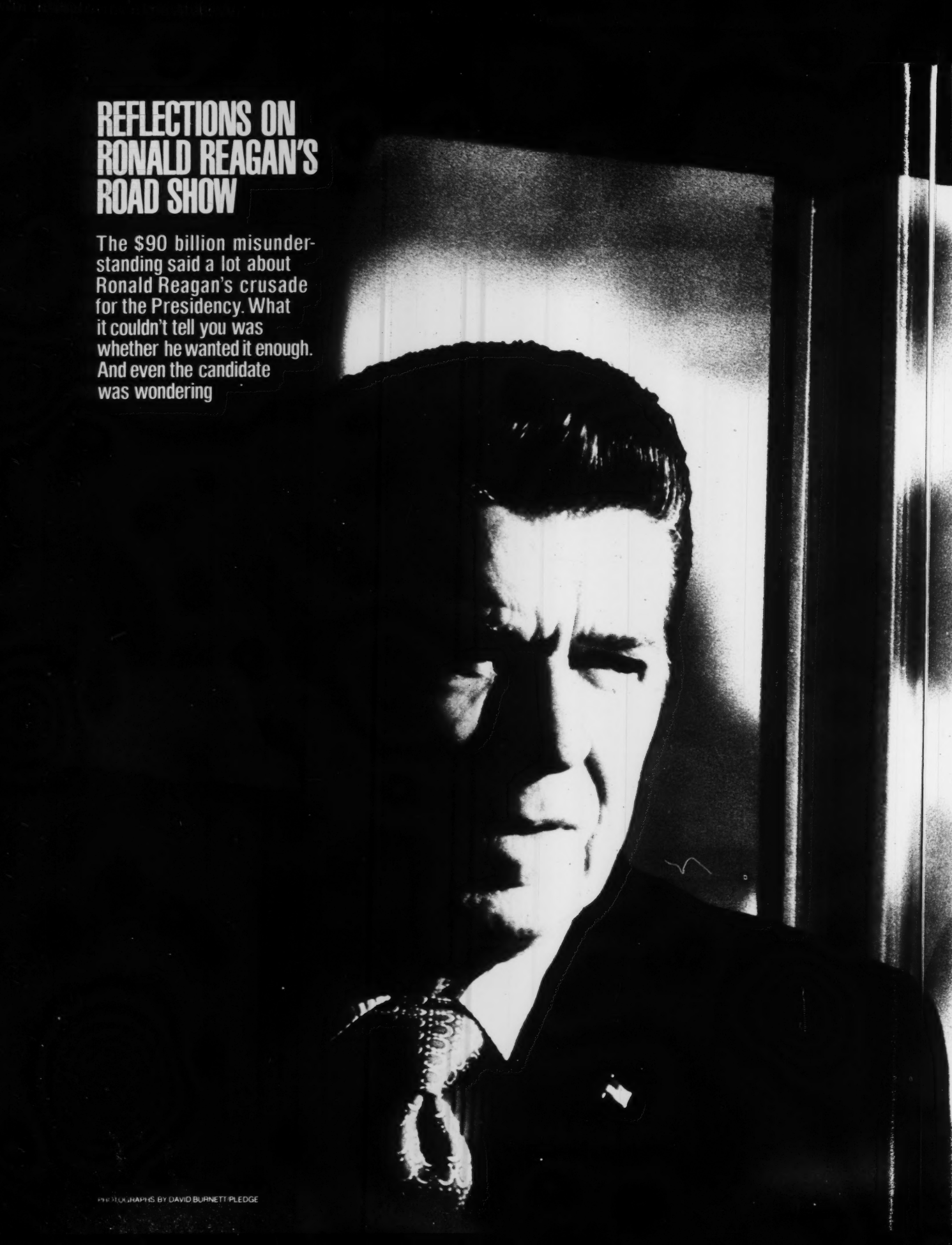
REFLECTIONS ON RONALD REAGAN'S ROAD SHOW

The $90 billion misunderstanding said a lot about Ronald Reagan's crusade for the Presidency. What it couldn't tell you was whether he wanted it enough. And even the candidate was wondering



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID BURNETT/PLEDGE

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

Winter has descended on Florida with a vengeance. A small gaggle of supporters, well-outnumbered by Secret Service agents, state troopers and local police, stand shivering in the 27 degree cold, as the chartered 727 bearing the former governor of California wheels to a halt on the tarmac. It is Friday morning. Ronald Reagan's crusade has come to Tallahassee. And, already, an ill wind is blowing.

They are calling it "the 90 billion dollar misunderstanding," a complicated, and as yet ill-defined plan Reagan has proposed to turn back to the states programs comprising a fourth of the federal budget. The questioning from reporters has been tough, and, at each step along the way, it is getting tougher. Bo Callaway, Gerald Ford's stumble-tongued campaign manager, has been gleefully predicting that if Reagan is elected, "old people will be thrown out in the snow." "Or out on the sand, as the case may be," a senior Reagan strategist tries to jest. His smile, however, is rather thin. In a single stroke, the candidate has managed to shift the issue from one of Ford's competence to his own judgment. Now, among the staff, there are premonitions of another thousand-dollars-a-year-for-everybody fiasco. If they don't move quickly, the Gallup polls will—down. The next week will take them through Florida, up to Illinois and Wisconsin, then back to Florida, before turning north toward New Hampshire. Although the primaries are weeks, in some cases months, away, the next seven days will be crucial.

And no one knows it better than the tall, tanned man in the dark suit with the narrow lapels, striding across the tarmac, smile set, hair glistening, nothing out of place. Ronald Reagan shakes a few hands, waves a final time and disappears into his car. The Harley-Davidsons gun to life, and he is off. A familiar figure, and yet, somehow, mysterious.

It is an odd thing to say about someone whose old movies are a part of our childhood, a character who has been in our late-night living rooms literally dozens of times. An odd thing perhaps, but an important one. Because, whatever he once was, Ronald Reagan is a different man now, to be judged by different standards. To look for Reagan, to find him and begin to understand him, you must first forget everything you think you know about him. All the movies, the cliches about winning one for the Gipper, the digs about dying his hair, the lines about seeing one redwood is having seen them

all—in short, all the too-true stereotypes that have made him the liberals' favorite bogeyman. They don't matter anymore, certainly not to the Republicans who have made him the odds-on favorite to retire a sitting President of his own party, or to the other Americans who, quite possibly, just might make him the President of the United States. No, you must start afresh, as every four years the country begins afresh, and, as closely as you can, watch and wonder as he does the things that men do when they set out to seek the highest office in the land. And, if you are lucky, you begin to get a glimpse. It is what brings us and him to Tallahassee in the dead of winter. And, Christ, it's freezing.

Whatever he once was, Reagan is a different man now, to be judged by different standards

Nothing bothers Tommy Thomas, though, not any little ole cold. "Hi buddy," he says, as he gives you one of those bone-crushing handshakes that seem to go with supporting Ronald Reagan. Tommy calls everybody "buddy," a carryover, perhaps, from his usual job, which is selling Chevrolets in Panama City. Right now, Tommy is selling Ronald Reagan. He is the candidate's state campaign chairman, and, to hear him tell it, Gerald Ford might just as well stay in Washington. "Two to one?" he booms. "We'll beat him better than that. You stick around, buddy, you'll see." Tommy's enthusiasm is a tonic for the visitors from the north. Ebullience has been in rather short supply among Reagan men lately. Even in the best of circumstances, they are really not the ebullient type. The men around the candidate tend toward the button-down, closely cropped variety. Pleasant, but determined, like people with a mission. And so clean. Their fingernails never seem to be dirty. You wonder, looking at these latter-day Thomas Hobbeses, whether they even sweat. "Whenever I'm around them, I feel like I should be taking more baths," shudders a woman reporter. This morning, they seem especially tight-lipped. The motorcade has moved to the state capitol, and Ronald Reagan is about to meet the press.

The press is a problem for Reagan. There is no open hostility. In fact, most of the reporters traveling with him seem to be rather fond of him. It is, instead, in the nature of the beast. Reagan's plan for returning federal programs to the states is an intricate one, and the press has a way of reducing intricate proposals to easily remembered slogans, like $90 billion. An ideological candidate like Reagan is thus on the horns of a dilemma. If he deals in generalities, the press demands specifics. When he provides specifics, the press picks them apart. And woe to the candidate who changes his mind or alters a proposal; he is then consigned the ultimate indignity—that of a "waffler." Reagan, of course, has come to much of his grief quite on his own. The $90 billion proposal was not thought through, as even his aides privately admit. Reagan himself is damnably vague on important specifics. Which revenue sources would be transferred back to the states? How would he prevent welfare recipients from shopping around for the best deal? What, for instance, would keep a poor family from leaving Mississippi to seek the relatively good life of New York? These are natural questions. Over time, there will be answers to all of them. Reagan, as his years as governor demonstrated, is a compromiser. He can be pragmatic. None of his explanations, however, fits conveniently into a 90-second spot on the nightly news or in the lead of a newspaper story. And, as the next half hour makes clear, it is killing Reagan.

Everything begins well enough. The room has been packed with Reagan supporters. When the candidate appears, they give him a big hand. He will need it. The questions are pointed, especially so from the Florida press, which has come unaccustomedly well-briefed. One of them, Bob Shaw, from the *Miami Herald,* will later write that the Reagan plan could mean $1.2 billion in new taxes for the state. The issue is particularly sensitive since Florida has no income tax. What it does have—in profusion—is senior citizens, retirees collecting a whole host of federal benefits. More than a third of Florida's Republicans are over 65, so Reagan is treading cautiously. He tries to explain that he would not whack off $90 billion in programs in one cut, that the transfer would be "phased and orderly," unfortunately the same phrase that was used to describe the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam. The reporters look dubious. One of them demands to know what the Reagan plan would do to the "meals on wheels" program that supplements senior citizens' diets. Another asks about additional welfare benefits for retirees. The candidate is bobbing and weaving now, and the press, sensing blood, begins to close in. Jess Cook, from *Time,* asks just how many programs Reagan wants to cut. When Reagan replies that he is talking about "half a dozen general areas," Cook interjects: "Well, Governor, it looks to me like there are a lot more than that." The lines on Reagan's face tighten, a dead giveaway that he is getting angry. He controls himself, though, deflecting Cook's thrust with a pear-shaped statement about reforming the federal bureaucracy. The session is a portent of more trouble ahead.

Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's press secretary, looks edgy. A former political

There is not much joy in the Reagan campaign. The juices do not flow. For Reagan, politics is duty.

The candidate and his speech. It is called *The* Speech for a good reason. There are no others.

reporter himself, Nofziger senses the danger. Nofziger has a reputation as a bare knuckles operator, tougher than Reagan and more conservative to boot. When Reagan was governor, Nofziger leaked a story that two of Reagan's aides had been present at a homosexual party. Reagan—some say at his wife's urging—dropped him. He went to work for Nixon, then briefly for a former POW who was running for the Senate against George McGovern. Reagan brought him back when he began gearing up for his run for the Presidency. And it is obvious why. Whatever his faults, Nofziger is a pro. He understands reporters, knows that giving a journalist time to file and getting his bags to the right hotel room can cover a multitude of political sins. Nofziger is refreshing, unlike the rest of the Reagan crew. He speaks his mind—"My brain never got me in trouble," he allows, "only my mouth"—and often. He is always saying things he shouldn't be, making jokes, cracking atrocious puns, being generally irreverent about the candidate and his party. Best of all, he is hopelessly sloppy. His shirt is always rumpled. What little hair he has is never combed. His stomach shows the ravages of years of beers with the boys. Even his tie is sacrilegious, showing, as it does, Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Goofy hoisting a 13-starred American flag. All of which makes him invaluable. For Lyn has soul along with smarts. His chief mission now is to protect the candidate from himself. One of his first steps will be limiting the number of press conferences on the rest of the trip.

On the way to the next stop, a shopping center rally, a reporter muses that Reagan's problem is a rather small one—just the seven members of the national press who are traveling with him. "That's it," a Reagan man exults with a gleam in his eye. "We'll fix the brakes on the bus."

There is a good crowd at the Northwood Mall, maybe a thousand people jammed into a room, with another 500 outside. They are exuberant, and rather curious. As the candidate enters the room, you can see people poking one another. One whispers, "He looks better than he does on TV." Yes, the other allows, "but do you see the lines? I never saw the lines on TV." Right away, one thing becomes apparent. Ronald Reagan is more than an ordinary politician. He is a celebrity. And a pretty good performer, too. He tells a couple of jokes, the best of which is about an Irishman who has just won $4 million in a phony injury settlement. The story, which Reagan tells in dialect, is rather roundabout, but the punch line has the Irishman telling the opposing lawyer that he is going to Lourdes—"and there you're going to see the greatest miracle you've ever seen." While the crowd is still laughing, Reagan adds, "I believe in miracles, too, but I think they need a little help." Not bad. What you don't know then is that Reagan tells this joke at least once and usually twice a day every day he is on the campaign trail. It is one of about nine in his repertoire. He doles them out carefully, three per speech, no more, no less. The jokes help what is an otherwise turgid lecture on the federal bureaucracy go down. So do the one-liners, like, "The only forced busing I am in favor of is busing the bureaucracy out to the country to meet the people." Big cheer for that, and Reagan uses the opportunity to announce, as he always does, "Now let's have a dialogue, not a monologue." He wants questions. And the first one comes from a young man who wants to know why Reagan won't endorse the legalization of marijuana. There are hisses and boos from the rest of the crowd, and a few shouts of "sit down." But Reagan ticks off an answer, a veritable catalogue of the horrors of marijuana, laced with terms like "brain damage... chromosome damage... probably the greatest threat to the health of young people." His questioner, chagrined, slinks into his seat. When the reporters return to the bus, they find that a Mr. Goodbar candy bar has been placed on each of their seats. One journalist cracks: "Just the right symbol for this campaign: all sweetness and nuts." Nofziger laughs loudest of all.

The motorcade heads out across the Florida panhandle, bound for the horse country of Ocala. No one seems quite sure why the candidate is going to Ocala; the county contains one of the heaviest concentrations of Democrats in the state. It is simply another mystery in a campaign that seems, almost consciously, to break all the rules.

Ocala may not help Ronald Reagan, but it does help someone who is trying to understand him. The evening finds him in the ballroom of the local Ramada Inn, enduring the annual Chamber of Commerce dinner. If Reagan is bored by the endless recitation of the Chamber's good deeds for the year, or the ritual burning of the mortgage, or the presentation of plaques, he gives no hint. On the contrary, he seems to be enjoying himself enormously. He is not really, of course; he is being polite, doing what he does best: acting.

Ronald Reagan is a very good actor. If you read the reviews of his old movies, you'll find that, even in the mangiest of the dogs, Reagan invariably got good notices. He is proud of his craft, in a way that a brain surgeon would be proud of his, or a master cabinetmaker proud of his. Acting gave him a good living, a chance to meet people, to be recognized, the ability to sit through Chambers of Commerce dinners night after night, week after week, and, to all appearances, seem enraptured by the pro-

ceedings. Being an actor, though, does make him tough to figure. You have to watch Reagan's reactions closely, and over time, to discern which are feigned and which are real, and, even then, a lot must be left to guesswork. Take the story about the POWs, for instance. Reagan likes to tell of the dinners he and his wife, Nancy, hosted at the governor's mansion for the returning prisoners of war. He describes the scene and the men and how he was moved by them with great feeling—so great that, at one point in the story, his voice breaks. The trouble is that every time Reagan tells the story his voice breaks at exactly the same place.

As you listen to Reagan, though, you are surprised that he is not an even better actor. His script tonight is what it is every night: The Speech. It is called "*The* Speech" because there are no others. "He knows the material, feels comfortable with it and does it well," an aide explains. "He can't see a good reason to mess with a proven success." Essentially, The Speech is a paean to the wonders of the free enterprise system, an unabashed celebration of the virtues of capitalism and the free market. In sum, about what one would expect to hear at the annual meeting of the Ocala Chamber of Commerce, the only difference being that the man who delivers it tonight would like to be President of the United States. There is nothing inherently wrong with The Speech. All the conventional toastmaster devices are present: the alliteration ("puzzle palaces on the Potomac"), the snappy one-liners ("Today, if you invent a better mousetrap, the government comes along with a better mouse"), the initial jokes to warm the audience up (one of the reporters has a dollar riding with another that Reagan will tell the Irish joke). The wonder is that as often as Reagan has given it he does not deliver it better. He stumbles frequently and, given the number of times he has been through it, unaccountably. Every time he comes to what seems to be a surefire applause line, he hurries through it, not pausing, almost intentionally depriving his listeners of a chance to respond. It is as if he wants to prevent emotion from intruding on the educational process. He is well into his text before the audience interrupts him the first time with applause. The line that elicits it is a call for a balanced budget. This is not the stuff of firebrands.

But, then, the people who come to dine on overdone roast beef with Ronald Reagan are not radicals. They don't hate Gerald Ford. They probably don't hate anyone, in fact. They are decent, conventional folk, housewives and hardware-store owners, young professionals and insurance salesmen, what Reagan calls "the producers of America—the people who pay their taxes, raise their children, go to work every day, give to their churches and charities and want nothing from government except maybe to be safe in their own homes." They are not bomb-throwers or extremists. Crime worries them and they don't like forced busing, but chances are they wouldn't mind if a black moved in next door, as long as he made enough to make the mortgage payments and kept his lawn clipped short. Judging from the marks of their affluence—lime-green long dresses for the women and neat, if somewhat brightly hued, short coats and slacks for the men—most of them are white-collar homeowners. This is not a Wallace crowd. There is not a twisted-face cracker or teased-hair harpie among them. They are, in fact, just what the candidate says they are: the backbone of this country. And they have found that it doesn't work for them.

Reagan goes to the source of their frustration. When he talks of "Joe Doaks" going down to the corner pool hall and spending his welfare check on "liquor and gambling," you can see heads nodding all over the room. When he recounts the story of Taino Towers, a federally supported public housing project in New York, with swimming pools and underground garages and six-bedroom apartments with 12-foot ceilings that rent for $113 per month, you can sense the indignation, if only because you feel it yourself. When he talks about the crazy federal grants, the billions wasted every year, the taxes that are squandered, the inflation that is driving government to bankruptcy, he makes the *National Review* rhetoric about the federal bureaucracy suddenly real. And then he tells how it can be changed, how *he* changed it in California, reforming welfare, increasing grants for what he calls "the truly needy" and, in the bargain, saving the taxpayers $5 billion. It matters little that the statistics he uses are distorted, or that he increased taxes or doubled the state budget. The impression he leaves is that there is hope, and that he embodies it, if only because he is so much like them. There is no mention of pain or suffering or poverty. Unpleasantries, in fact, are altogether absent. Reagan does not deal in social obscenities. Rather he speaks of human stupidities, and even they, he allows, are well-intentioned. To listen to Ronald Reagan, and look out on the good people in their double-knits and white shoes, you would think that the Sixties had never happened, that there was no poverty, no war, just a vague "trouble" that can be solved if only the federal government would balance the budget and stop printing all those useless forms, which, Reagan reminds with a frown, "consume an estimated 130 million man hours a year to fill out." You can't quarrel with what Reagan says; in a perfect world, his philosophy is eminently reasonable. You can only worry about what he does not say.

It does not seem to matter. He gets good applause at the end, and, considering his performance, better, perhaps, than he deserves. "You know, he makes good sense," one man says to another. "He could probably do something," his partner agrees. "He fixed up California, and that has to be the most screwed-up state in the nation." Reagan has succeeded. As the members of the Chamber of Commerce file out of the hall and into their Buicks and Oldsmobiles, they seem

Left, Reagan in New Hampshire: The question is whether the lead will melt before the primaries. Above, Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's press secretary, is a rough, rumpled and slightly ravaged former journalist who has proven invaluable on the campaign. Below, the Reagan constituents, whose tastes run to mink and double-knits.

quietly cheerful. He has made them happy, proud of what they are. It is not often that someone does.

The morning brings another bus trip, a long one this time, down through the unspoiled cattle and horse country to Tampa-St. Pete. Once again, Reagan is traveling to correct another mistake. Yesterday, it was $90 billion; today, it is social security. In Houston a couple of weeks ago, Reagan seemed to dance dangerously close to suggesting that social security be made voluntary, the position that put the final nail in Barry Goldwater's coffin in 1964. That's not at all what he said, his aides insist; and to prove it, they provide a transcript of Reagan's Houston remarks, which, at best, seem ambiguous.

In the back of the bus, Dana Rohrbacher, who records all the candidate's remarks to feed to small radio stations across the country, is giving an impromptu briefing to a reporter on the meaning of the $90 billion. A senior aide who hears what he is doing at first looks pained, and then, as the conversation progresses, horrified. Dana is an anomaly on the Reagan staff. He started off in the Young Americans for Freedom but was offed in a purge of YAF's libertarians. Whether he was an anarchist or not still isn't clear to some of his colleagues. They do recall, though, that he showed up in Prague in 1968, a banjo strung over his shoulder, remarking how the cobblestones in the streets made the Czechs ideal revolutionaries. Since then, he has moved left or right—again, no one is sure—pledged to give up his more extreme libertarian notions (about pot smoking, for one) and been more or less accepted in the Reagan camp.

Dana's remarks on the $90 billion don't really hurt. The position on the issue seems to be changing daily, anyway. Reagan is still all for the concept; it's the figure he's beginning to regret. How he ever allowed himself to get embroiled in the mess remains something of a mystery. The chief culprit seems to have been Jeffrey Bell (or "Jeffrey Who?" as one aide now refers to him), a young graduate of Jim Buckley's Senate staff. Last August, Bell was commissioned to prepare a draft incorporating the best conservative thinking on cutting back the federal budget and returning a number of federal programs to the states. Reagan himself had a hand in wording the final document, though, which he delivered to the Executive Club in Chicago last September 26, well ahead of his declaration of candidacy. In the speech, Reagan called for a return to the states of federal

programs in welfare, education, housing, food stamps, Medicaid, community and regional development and revenue sharing—"to name a few"—along with equivalent taxing authority. The operative line, however, read: "Transfer of authority in whole or in part in all these areas would reduce the outlay of the federal government by more than $90 billion, using the spending level of fiscal 1976." The flak began rising shortly thereafter.

Ironically, the Reagan plan was, in major respects, merely an expansion of an idea a presidential task force had come up with during the Eisenhower Administration. One of the members of that task force, as it happens, was Hubert Horatio Humphrey. You can sense that Reagan would dearly like to note that fact at press conferences. In practice, though, very little is mentioned about the $90 billion these days, except in response to a direct question. And, then, the answers tend to get fuzzy. The unfortunate Mr. Bell, meanwhile, has been posted to unspecified research chores in Washington. Considering the problems the $90 billion has caused them, the Reagan men remain remarkably good-humored on the subject. "It's history," one of them shrugs. If Dana wants to explain it, why not.

Several hundred supporters are waiting at the St. Petersburg headquarters of Citizens for Reagan. A bank of 20 phones is staffed with volunteers calling for donations for the candidate. There is even a man dressed up like Uncle Sam. One of Reagan's political people smiles. "Where do you think Gerald Ford is going to get people like this?" "I can never tell you how heartwarming and moving this is," Reagan says, with a shrug and a lift of the hands, a gesture meant to convey that he is beyond words to express his thanks. It is an impressive gesture the first time one sees it; at the fifth or sixth stop, it begins to pale. Reagan is having another dialogue-not-a-monologue, and the questions are coming. What does he think about labor unions? "I used to be a union president," he says. "But today I don't think the union leadership in Washington represents the true thinking of the rank and file union member." What about Angola? "Well, I'm like you are. I don't think the government has given us the full story. . . . If we don't have vital interests there, I don't think we should be involved." What about détente? "It should be a two-way street." And so it goes, standard, unremarkable, unhysterical stuff. Perhaps the most notable fact to emerge from all these question

sessions is that not once in a week with Reagan will anyone ever ask about the $90 billion. It is, exclusively, a preoccupation of the press. "You know," says one reporter privately, "in a way, we're doing Gerald Ford's job for him. The job he should be doing, but isn't." The thought is not comforting.

There is another heartwarming

To listen to Reagan, you would think the country's problems could be solved if only the government would balance the budget and stop printing all those bureaucratic forms

and moving welcome at a nearby retirement complex, and this time Reagan truly seems to mean it. He shakes far more than the requisite number of hands and keeps going back to the crowd long after his aides have urged him to hustle along. A few oldsters in the crowd call out their favorite movies in which he starred, and one unthinkingly asks after Jane Wyman, Reagan's first wife, from whom he has been divorced more than 20 years. "No grey hairs, I can't believe it," a silver-haired grandmother marvels out of Reagan's earshot. "I'm going to vote for you three or four times," a man yells to the candidate. Reagan smiles and jokes back, "You must be from Chicago." He is finally pulling away when an old woman, with tears glistening in her eyes, accosts him. "Don't change," she murmurs. "Don't ever change."

It has been a week now since Reagan and his wife have been together. Earlier in the day she has flown in from the coast to appear at a luncheon of the Broward County Republican Women. A song sheet passed out at the gathering, bearing the imprimatur of one Rubin A. Yokum, advises, "Don't be a pagan, Vote for Reagan," and goes on to recount gory tales of welfare cheats. Now, in a television studio not far from Miami Beach, Nancy and Ronnie are reunited. They hug twice. Then two lingering kisses. She touches his face and he touches hers, and finally he speaks, "Hello, mommy."

In the evening, they are together at a dinner of the Dade County Citizens for Reagan. Nearly a thousand people have crowded into the hall, and more than a hundred others who have already bought dinner tickets are being turned away at the door. The night air is fairly warm, yet there are a conspicuous number of minks. Minks and low-cut gowns. Lots of low-cut gowns. Noting that one of the reporters is ogling several of the ladies, a Reagan man says in a deadpan tone: "You will notice that Republican women have bigger tits." Low-cut and otherwise, this is a prosperous aggregation, as prosperous, and, thanks to the presence of a number of Cuban exiles, as conservative a gathering as Reagan will

encounter on his current swing. He will not disappoint them. The Speech tonight includes a lengthy passage on the folly of dealing with Fidel Castro, and a ringing defense of U.S. sovereignty over the Panama Canal. In Florida politics, especially Republican politics, where one stands on the Panama Canal can mean everything. There is no doubt about Ronald Reagan. The Canal Zone, he insists, is as much a part of U.S. territory as "Alaska or the Gadsden and Louisiana purchases." At first the notion is preposterous, then mind-boggling. If the election is close, Gerald Ford might just be driven from office because he was soft on the Hay-Banau-Varilla Treaty. It is not wise, however, to snicker. When one of the more distinguished gentlemen at the press table does, a grandmotherly looking matron at the neighboring table gives him a good whack across the back.

"These are troubled times," Reagan is telling the people in the hall. "Troubled" is a word he uses often, and it is an apt one. For Ronald Reagan is not angered by the world he beholds, dismayed or despairing. He is merely troubled. During the course of the next 40 minutes, Reagan proceeds to tell his audience why. He does not speak with fire or passion, but with deliberation and competence. He has not come to arouse but to educate, and maybe not so much to educate as to remind—remind of the greatness of America, of the strength of individual initiative, of how freedom can be lost if it is not defended, of how, at the center of it all, fueling America's idealism, is the great engine of free enterprise, a philosophy which, he says, "has lifted more burdens from more backs than any other system devised by man." We could have socialism. Oh yes, Reagan says, there is even a model we could follow: "a country with a land mass greater than our own, rich in natural resources, which produces more petroleum than we do, has 250,000,000 capable people and has been free to pursue the ultimate in communism the last 60 years." Reagan never mentions the identity of this country. He doesn't have to. You know it is RUSSIA. We could follow the advice of the central planners, we could be like that country, Reagan adds, but it would take some doing: "We'd have to cut our paychecks 80 percent, send 33,000,000 people back to the farm, tear out 14 out of 15 of our telephones, 9 out of 10 miles of our railroad tracks, destroy 59,000,000 television sets and then find a capitalist country that would sell us wheat on credit so we wouldn't starve." The totems of materialism roll out: bang, bang, bang, bang. Powerful. Overwhelming. Irrefutable. To judge from the response to the punch line, you don't have to worry. It can't happen here.

Nowadays, candidate Reagan spends much of his time putting out fires that he has set.

Sunday, the candidate rests. Stories have been circulating that Reagan is another Henry Cabot Lodge, someone who requires a daily nap and an early bedtime to get through the rigors of a national campaign. Reagan's staff tries to knock down such tales, but it is a losing battle. A quick look at Reagan's rather leisurely schedule confirms that when it comes to stamina, he is not a Humphrey or even a Gerald Ford. His handlers pace him carefully. In a month he will be 65, and there is something about him—maybe it is the hands, for they are old man's hands, liver-spotted and wrinkled—that belies the stories of his terrific physical condition, all set to ride at a gallop around Malibu Lake. Even if Reagan does not need the rest, his people do. The campaign needs time to plan. John Sears, Reagan's campaign manager, has flown in from Washington, bringing a newly hired scheduler with him. The staff spends the day behind closed doors. They make little secret, however, of their worry: The $90 billion misunderstanding is not going away.

Illinois will be the test, the place to see if Reagan can begin to turn the $90 billion misunderstanding around. Reagan must do well in Illinois. Unlike New Hampshire and Florida, Ford is strong here. The state's primary will be a much fairer gauge of who will lead the Republican Party.

Everything is set. The candidate is well-rested. The plans have been laid. A farm speech has been written, and while it is a dry, unremarkable document, salted with obligatory bows to the

Continued on page 29

New Times

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE PHILLIPS AND SUZANNE CHARLÉ

Which of the following will be in jail on December 31, 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

1. Patty Hearst
2. Eldridge Cleaver
3. Marvin Mandel
4. H. R. Haldeman
5. Sandra Good
6. Orlando Cepeda
7. Charles (Bebe) Rebozo
8. Anthony Provenzano
9. Jack Scott
10. Joan Little
11. Edward Gurney
12. Alice Crimmins
13. Arch Moore
14. Bernard Bergman
15. G. Gordon Liddy

Which of the following will be elected to the U.S. Congress in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

16. Tom Hayden
17. Bess Myerson Grant
18. Elmo Zumwalt
19. David Harris
20. Bill Bradley

21. Who will be the Republican Vice-Presidential nominee in 1976? (Choose one.)

a. Donald Rumsfeld
b. George Bush
c. Elliot Richardson
d. Ronald Reagan
e. John Connally
f. Howard Baker
g. Bob Hope
h. Nelson Rockefeller
i. Gerald Ford
j. none of the above

22. On December 31, 1976, Richard Nixon will be: (Choose one.)

a. dead
b. a sportscaster
c. in seclusion at San Clemente
d. a U.S. Ambassador
e. making American Express commercials

23 and 24. On November 2, 1976, _____ will defeat _____ for the Presidency of the United States. (Fill in the blanks.)

25. Which of the following books will sell the most hardcover copies in 1976? (Choose one.)

a. *The Final Days* by Woodward & Bernstein
b. *Scoundrel Time* by Lillian Hellman
c. *The Deep* by Peter Benchley
d. *Answered Prayers* by Truman Capote
e. *Oliver's Story* by Erich Segal
f. *The Canfield Decision* by Spiro Agnew
g. *The Edge* by John Lindsay
h. *The Company* by John Ehrlichman
i. *Dolores* by Jacqueline Susann
j. Judith Exner's autobiography

Which of the following will surface in public in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

26. Abbie Hoffman
27. Howard Hughes
28. Judge Crater
29. James Hoffa
30. The Loch Ness Monster

31. On December 31, 1976, which will cost the most? (Choose one.)

a. The Holiday issue of *Playboy*
b. One share of Playboy stock
c. Mailing 15 first class letters
d. Three copies of *New Times*

New Times

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE PHILLIPS AND SUZANNE CHARLÉ

Contest

Last year you predicted *Chinatown* would be best picture, the Oakland A's would win the World Series and by now John Connally would be in jail. You're in our league. We're the folks who gave you 475 and 700 as the parameters for the Dow Jones last year when it went as high as 881.

Ah, well. You can't bet after the game is played. So here's your annual chance to profit as a prophet. We're offering a prize of $500 in cash to this year's most proficient prognosticator.

All entries must be postmarked no later than March 1, 1976.

So take your pencil out of your drawer and your tongue out of your cheek.

The answer sheet is on page 55.

Which of the following will be in jail on December 31, 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

1. Patty Hearst
2. Eldridge Cleaver
3. Marvin Mandel
4. H. R. Haldeman
5. Sandra Good
6. Orlando Cepeda
7. Charles (Bebe) Rebozo
8. Anthony Provenzano
9. Jack Scott
10. Joan Little
11. Edward Gurney
12. Alice Crimmins
13. Arch Moore
14. Bernard Bergman
15. G. Gordon Liddy

Which of the following will be elected to the U.S. Congress in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

16. Tom Hayden
17. Bess Myerson Grant
18. Elmo Zumwalt
19. David Harris
20. Bill Bradley

21. Who will be the Republican Vice-Presidential nominee in 1976? (Choose one.)

a. Donald Rumsfeld
b. George Bush
c. Elliot Richardson
d. Ronald Reagan
e. John Connally
f. Howard Baker
g. Bob Hope
h. Nelson Rockefeller
i. Gerald Ford
j. none of the above

22. On December 31, 1976, Richard Nixon will be: (Choose one.)

a. dead
b. a sportscaster
c. in seclusion at San Clemente
d. a U.S. Ambassador
e. making American Express commercials

23 and 24. On November 2, 1976, _____ will defeat _____ for the Presidency of the United States. (Fill in the blanks.)

25. Which of the following books will sell the most hardcover copies in 1976? (Choose one.)

a. *The Final Days* by Woodward & Bernstein
b. *Scoundrel Time* by Lillian Hellman
c. *The Deep* by Peter Benchley
d. *Answered Prayers* by Truman Capote
e. *Oliver's Story* by Erich Segal
f. *The Canfield Decision* by Spiro Agnew
g. *The Edge* by John Lindsay
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e. Three gallons of gas at the Vince Lombardi service area on the New Jersey Turnpike

32. Which film will win the Best Picture Oscar in 1976? (Choose one.)

a. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*
b. *Nashville*
c. *Jaws*
d. *Barry Lyndon*
e. none of the above

33. Which of the following will have the best-selling LP in the United States in 1976, according to *Billboard* magazine? (Choose one.)

a. Bob Dylan
b. Elton John
c. Bruce Springsteen
d. The Eagles
e. none of the above

34. On December 31, 1976, the Dow Jones Average will be (within ten points)_____?

35. How many times will *Time* and *Newsweek* have the same cover stories (during the same week) in 1976?

Which of the following will lose their jobs, voluntarily or otherwise, in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

36. Ron Nessen
37. Earl Butz
38. Bo Callaway
39. Daniel Moynihan
40. Richard Helms

Which of the following will go bankrupt in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those that will.)

41. New York City
42. The *Washington Star-News*
43. Bennington College
44. The American Basketball Association
45. National Airlines
46. Amtrak
47. The *New York Post*
48. The U.S. Postal Service
49. A & P
50. *City* magazine (San Francisco)

Which of the following will leave their current residence to live in another country during 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

51. Andrei Sakharov
52. John Lennon
53. Juan Carlos
54. Robert Vesco
55. Eldridge Cleaver

Which of the following will be decriminalized under (or because of) Federal Law in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those that will.)

56. Marijuana
57. Prostitution
58. Wiretapping
59. Right turns on red lights
60. CIA assassinations

Which of the following will still be in office on December 31, 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

61. Indira Gandhi
62. Leonid Brezhnev
63. Mao Tse-tung
64. Pope Paul
65. Idi Amin
66. Park Chung Hee
67. Pierre Trudeau
68. Ferdinand Marcos
69. Augusto Pinochet Ugarte
70. Harold Wilson

71._____will win the 1976 World Series.

72._____will be the World Heavyweight Champion on December 31, 1976.

73._____will win the NBA Championship in 1976.

74._____will win the Stanley Cup in 1976.

75._____(country) will win the most gold medals in the 1976 Summer Olympics.

Which of the following sports figures will retire in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

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77. Muhammad Ali
78. Hank Aaron
79. George Blanda
80. Joe Frazier

Which of the following TV shows will leave the air during 1976? (Circle the numbers of those that will.)

81. *60 Minutes*
82. *Good Morning America*
83. *The Bionic Woman*
84. *The Sonny & Cher Show*
85. *One Day at a Time*

Which of the following will close in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those that will.)

86. The Mousetrap
87. Esalen Institute
88. Twentieth Century Fox
89. Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church
90. The Suez Canal

Which of the following will appear in a motion picture in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

91. Jacqueline Onassis
92. Bruce Springsteen
93. Rona Barrett
94. Howard Cosell
95. John Simon

Which positions (other than Secretary of State) will Henry Kissinger hold during 1976? (Circle the numbers of those that he will hold.)

96. Secretary General of the U.N.
97. Commissioner of Baseball
98. Harvard Professor
99. Editor at Viking
100. none of the above

Which of the following will get engaged or married to each other in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

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102. Cybill Shepherd & Peter Bogdanovich
103. Chris Evert & Jimmy Connors
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125. *Bogart Slept Here*, directed by anybody

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126. The Middle East
127. Southern Africa
128. The Sino-Soviet border
129. Argentina
130. Korea

Which of the following will announce in 1976 that she (they) had an affair with JFK? (Circle the numbers of those who will.)

131. Angie Dickinson
132. Christine Keeler
133. Carol Doda
134. Xaviera Hollander
135. Barbara Howar

Which of the following events will occur in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those that will.)

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137. David Frost will sign an exclusive contract to interview Howard Hughes.
138. Rubin (Hurricane) Carter will be cleared in court of the murders for which he has served eight years in prison.
139. A U.S. city will default.
140. Julie and David Eisenhower will undergo *est*.
141. The SST will be prohibited from landing at all U.S. airports.
142. There will be a congressional investigation of at least one of the three major 1960s assassinations.
143. Gerald Ford will hit himself in the head with a golf club and require stitches.
144. The Equal Rights Amendment will be ratified by at least one more state.
145. The Presidential yacht Sequoia will disappear in the Bermuda Triangle.

Which of the following will appear for the last time in 1976? (Circle the numbers of those that will.)

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147. Convertibles
148. Shell's Bicentennial Minutes
149. The Rolling Stones
150. The NEW TIMES Future Events Contest

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REAGAN

Continued from page 25

family farm and the genius of the American farmer, it might, for a moment at least, deflect attention from the $90 billion. And there is something else, too: The pride of Tampico, Illinois, is coming home.

A high school band is playing "California, Here I Come" at the candidate's Springfield headquarters, and the music, along with a yell of "Hi, Dutch" as he walks through the door, seems to lift Reagan's spirits. He is glad to be home, he tells his supporters, and then he begins to reminisce. "The last time I was here was to stay overnight on our way to play Jackson College. There was snow and ice on the field, like there is today. And I hate to tell you, but we lost that game. I remember. It was my last game." The crowd "aaws" at the mention of Reagan's defeat, but the memory does not seem to bother the candidate. Before the day is out, he will tell two other Illinois groups about two other games he played for Eureka College, both of them defeats. At length, Reagan's gloomy recitation is interrupted by the presentation of a photograph of honest Abe, then another presentation of a scrapbook a local lady has been keeping of all of Reagan's movies since 1948. He recognizes a picture taken from *Stallion Road* and talks about the horse he was riding. "She's dead now, but I am still riding her son at the ranch." Again, the crowd "aaws." All the tales of defeat and death make one wonder if Illinois is bad luck, after all.

Nancy bids Ron goodbye at the state capitol. They kiss, long and lingering. And then again. She pats his face and, with a worried look, tells him to take care of himself. "Now, you be careful," she murmurs. You can sense that the incident in Miami is very much on her mind. Apparently, it is more on her mind than anyone imagines. For, minutes later, at the Springfield airport, she is there again, a figure in saucer-shaped sunglasses and a full-length mink running across the tarmac to her husband. Again they hug, and again they kiss, and Reagan nuzzles her neck. They are about to break when there is a deafening roar behind them. An Air National Guard Phantom, afterburners on full, screams off the runway. Nancy cringes and blocks her ears, and Reagan pulls her close. Three movie cameras and an equal number of still cameramen record the scene, but the Reagans seem oblivious. For a moment, they seem very ordinary and very vulnerable. One is embarrassed to witness such intimacy, but the eyes will not leave. There is, in this moment, a humanness one does not often witness in politics.

"The Illinois earth is deep and black," the poet wrote, "Do you remember Springfield?" Benét must have been thinking of the fields around Bloomington, where Reagan has come to deliver his farm speech. The fields, now lying fallow in the cold, do run deep and black and endless. A couple of hundred farmers have come to James Bell's place, the Oak Hill Farm, to hear Reagan speak. The barn that serves as an auditorium is close and muggy. But the candidate, who has shed his coat, is in good form. The farmers are asking questions. What does he think of environmental regulations against pesticides? someone wonders. Reagan is off and running. "There are some people, I know, who would like to pave over the countryside," he says, "but there are some environmentalists who think you shouldn't be able to build a house unless it looks like a bird's nest." Encouraged by the laughter, he plunges on. DDT is not so bad, he adds; why, there was a professor at U.C.-Davis who used to end each talk on pesticides by taking a spoonful of DDT—"and, as far as I know, he's still healthy, and his egg shells haven't gotten any thinner." Even the reporters are laughing now; the redwood line can't be too far ahead. Reagan switches to air pollution. He recounts how three volcanic eruptions have thrown more junk in the atmosphere than anything man has ever done. And, to demonstrate his expertise on the subject, Reagan names the volcanoes. One reporter turns to another and asks: "How do you spell Krakatoa?"

"You know," a reporter says privately, "we're doing Gerald Ford's job for him. The job he should be doing, but isn't"

No doubt Reagan could tell him. He is an avid newspaper reader and clipper. He especially likes the small, filler items, so much so that his speeches sometimes sound like a compendium of *The Guinness Book of World Records*. There is the welfare woman in Chicago, for instance, with the 12 different names and 30 different social security cards collecting veterans benefits from four nonexistent husbands. Her yearly take from the federal government, Reagan delights in telling his audiences, is $150,000. Or the various federal forms, which, if put together, would form a pile 100 feet wide, 100 feet high and 4,500 feet long. Or the federally financed study that found that young, rich, healthy people are happier than old, poor, sick people. Reagan loves stories like that. Tomorrow, there will be another for his collection. A six-column banner headline across the top of the *Chicago Tribune* will report that the Federal Drug Administration has approved a $121,000 study at Southern Illinois University to measure the effects of marijuana on human sexuality. Student volunteers will be paid $20 an hour to smoke pot and then watch porno films while measuring devices attached to their genitals gauge the level of their arousal. The clip will be included in Reagan's daily news summary.

There will be another *Tribune* story as well. This one will tell how Reagan told a group of farmers at Bloomington, Illinois, that his $90 billion proposal was a "mistake." The story will be wrong. The mistake Reagan is talking about is using the specific figure, not the concept of returning federal programs to the states. Reagan will issue a clarification, but it won't matter. The damage will have been done.

Unaware that in a matter of hours a story will be clicking out over the wire services (which have relied on the *Tribune* for the facts) and onto the desks of assignment editors in New York and Washington, Reagan heads for Rockford, a grimy industrial town and the state's second largest city. He passes the late afternoon with trivialities, bounding from reception to reception, convincing the people who are already convinced. "I think we have it all wrapped up here, Governor," one of his supporters says. "That's what Tom Dewey said," Reagan shouts back. At one stop, for which his schedulers have budgeted a half hour, Reagan does his business—namely, meeting four convention delegates—in slightly more than five minutes. Now he is standing in the middle of the room, no one around him but the Secret Service, a puzzled look on his face, wondering which hand to shake, what speech to make next. The minutes slip by and still no one comes up to him. Even the reporters seem disinterested. Finally, a local camera crew approaches and engages him in a conversation about *Bedtime for Bonzo*, a movie in which he

played the father of a family that adopts a chimpanzee. Reagan seems relieved by the diversion, but an aide, spotting the reporters, intervenes and hustles Reagan away. He looks disappointed.

There is a rally that evening at the Coronado Theater, one of those wonderful old rococo palaces built in the days when Tom Mix was still riding across the silent silver screen. Only the attraction tonight is Ronald Reagan in the flesh. A pudgy, conservative cheerleader has warmed the crowd up with chants for their man, each time calling out, as they do at high school football games, "I can't hear you." And each time, louder, the crowd roars back, "Reagan." The cheerleader is followed by Congressman Phil Crane, Reagan's Illinois chairman. Crane, who represents the western Chicago suburbs, is one of the new breed Republicans, all jut-jawed and pin-striped, the kind of politician who looks at his watch as he shakes your hand. While Reagan watches from the wings, arms crossed and lips pursed, Crane enunciates what he calls the "principles of the campaign." Number one on the list is a declaration that "no man should live from the labor of another." The performance is a little scary. Even Reagan looks irritated.

The candidate is speaking now, rolling through the stanzas of the speech. The performance is curiously flat. One of the reporters is dozing. Another, who has been making side bets on whether Reagan will tell the Irish joke, has just made another dollar; that makes six in four days.

Wisconsin is a welcome change. Something is happening here. The carefully programmed succession of headquarters openings and Citizens for Reagan dinners has finally been shattered by the unpredictable: an appearance at the University of Wisconsin's Oshkosh campus. It should be a cakewalk. Oshkosh is not exactly known for being a hotbed of radicalism. But the People's Bicentennial Commission, which has been dogging Reagan in New Hampshire, has arranged an unexpected reception. The hall where Reagan is to speak is literally packed to the rafters with kids, and they are in a feisty mood. Banners around the room announce that Reagan is the stooge of big business and Wall Street, and the local Republicans look horrified. The wife of the Wisconsin Reagan chairman is close to tears. When Reagan appears, there is a chorus of boos. The candidate does not seem worried, however. He seems, if anything, slightly amused. He has been down this road before.

There is only one word to describe the ensuing half hour: masterful. Reagan abandons the speech and takes questions. There are more boos, some shouted obscenities, even a few eggs lofted in his direction. Reagan watches them sail overhead and wide of the mark with professional interest, as if matching the accuracy of Wisconsin eggs against those he has encountered at Berkeley. Nothing ruffles him. He treats the protesters patiently, with a slight trace of patronization. His only slip is a Freudian one: He refers to the People's Bicentennial Commission as the *"Revolutionary* Bicentennial Commission." Gradually, though, the kids swing, if not behind him, then against the lefties in the room. Partly, it is Reagan's civility in the face of the bad manners of his opponents. But, partly, too, it is what Reagan is saying that strikes responsive chords. The kids don't like Washington or Congress or plain bigness any more than Reagan. When, at one point, he talks of "getting control of our own lives," there is loud applause. It is fascinating to watch, this passing of mutual alienation, so close and yet so remote. You can sense that there is no hatred for Reagan, more puzzlement over the selectivity of his indignation. He talks about the bigness of government. They want him to talk about the bigness of business. Superficially, it is a matter of emphasis, but it is an emphasis Ronald Reagan will not make, perhaps is incapable of making. There is one passing try. As Reagan walks from the hall, his security people doing their best to hurry him along, he darts away and into the crowd, reaching out, touching hands. The kids are smiling and friendly. One of them apologizes for the eggs. Finally, the Secret Service drags him away.

As the plane flies over New York, one reporter jokes, "I can see them swimming at Taino Towers." A Reagan staffer rejoins, "Are the bomb bays open?"

Late that night, as the campaign plane begins its descent into Jacksonville, Florida, Reagan makes a rare appearance in the press section. He seems anxious to talk. The kids are still on his mind. They weren't bad or malicious kids, he says, even those who taunted him. "The little girl sitting up in front with the sign," he says. "She was a nice kid. She was smiling. Nothing like the twisted faces we had at Berkeley." Still, they remain a mystery to him. "I didn't have near as much money as those damn kids," he recalls. "How do they travel across country? How do they afford it? When I was their age, I didn't have enough money to buy a hot dog." Then Reagan tells, off the record, an amusing story of a quite different young lady he once encountered at a California campus. He does a credible impersonation of protest, replete with obscenities. "You know," he says at last, "if I could have an hour with those kids, away somewhere in a room where we could talk, I bet they would understand." He will repeat that wish publicly several times during the next two days. The hour will never be found.

Maybe it wouldn't work, after all. The kids would never understand the Ronald Reagan who campaigned the next day in Jacksonville, denouncing the Equal Rights Amendment to a women's club (stormy applause), calling for a bigger defense budget, endorsing school prayer ("God should never have been expelled from the classroom"), condemning abortion (and conveniently forgetting that he signed into law one of the most liberal abortion statutes in the nation), lauding Taiwan ("one of our great trading partners") and suggesting the "unleashing" of the oil companies. They probably wouldn't have understood at all.

But, then, he has never made it easy to understand. He is talking about sacrifice, about things not as they are but as they should be, as maybe they ought to be if all America was Reagan country, that land of well-kept lawns and Chambers of Commerce and troubled people. It is not a bad place, Reagan country; dull, maybe, square and rather bloodless, but not a bad place at all to raise kids or have barbecues. The big problem with Reagan country is that the rest of America is so unlike it, that the America of dirty streets and crime and poor people menace it, merely because of its existence. In a week with Ronald Reagan, we have not seen this other America. The number of blacks—apart from the maids at the Ramada Inns—the candidate has encountered can be counted on two hands. They were uniformly polite. And it is not just blacks who have been missing. There have been precious few bus drivers or construction workers or auto mechanics, either. Everyone seems well-dressed, prosperous, happy. The little towns all look like Anaheim. Which is not

to knock Anaheim or the rest of Reagan country. Only to be worried about the other America out there, remote and hidden for the moment, which we have been missing, and which one day, sooner or later, Ronald Reagan is going to have to confront.

The pilot, who is a talkative sort, tells us about it as we head up to New Hampshire. "If you'll look out the left side of the airplane," he says, "you'll see the Big Apple down there." And so it is. Thirty thousand feet below, towers glistening in the winter sun, is the enemy. Somehow, from here, it does not look so forbidding. Maybe because the people are invisible. "Hey," a reporter yells, "I can see them swimming at Taino Towers." We laugh, and a Reagan staffer adds, good-naturedly, "Are the bomb bay doors open?"

The Bicentennial people are waiting for us in New Hampshire, a quieter group this time, standing silently with their posters about big business as the motorcade pulls into Chesterfield, a picture-postcard hamlet of white church steeples and civil war statues guarding the village green. "How have you been?" the candidate asks one of the young men who has been following him. Reagan mentions the eggs in Wisconsin, and the boy says rather sheepishly, "Well, we all have our crazies." Reagan nods gravely, and closes the conversation with a "Good to see you" and a friendly poke to the shoulder. However contrived the friendliness, it serves to unnerve the protesters, who stand looking at one another as the candidate heads inside the local inn for a little politicking.

They are back, however, at the next stop, and then the next, as they will be there at all the little towns as long as Ronald Reagan is running. They have become almost a part of the campaign paraphernalia, and Reagan uses them as a handy foil. His patience is a demonstration of his reasonableness. "They aren't ignorant," he tells a small crowd in Hinsdale. "They just know a lot of facts that aren't true." Reagan must like the line. He used it once last night and will use it twice more today. In the electoral melodrama, the protesters have their lines to speak, too. "Why don't you say something about monopolies?" one of the Bicentennial girls calls from the back of the room. "You can't even buy a hamburger unless it's from McDonald's." You could see she was serious and frustrated, and, yes, troubled. The candidate did his best to reassure her: "Now, young lady, I'll make you a bet. I'll buy you that hamburger if we can't find a place within 20 minutes of here that isn't McDonald's. . . ."

And that is how I left him, defending McDonald's and the free enterprise system. He was still feeling his way, as we were with him. There were times during those days when he seemed like an ice-skater, gliding headlong toward a trouble spot, only to be pulled back at the last possible moment to head toward another. He had not unraveled the $90 billion misunderstanding; if anything, his explanations—which, at their nadir, included a reminder that "people can vote with their feet," which is precisely what they have been doing, thereby bankrupting New York—served only to further complicate his problems.

But as you worried about him, you also could not help but like him. He means what he says, and, aside from the usual political banalities, he says them because he means them. He has the self-assurance of a child who does not know the hidden terrors. Such men are appealing, and, like children, they sometimes need to be protected from themselves. Even the $90 billion, for all its problems, is a sincere attempt to meet an important issue head-on; a naive attempt, perhaps, and overly simplistic, but, as Reagan put it in Springfield, in the only time he ever mentioned his opponent by name, "Does Ford have a better idea?" To which he might just as well have added, or Carter or Bayh or Udall or Jackson or any other of the Democrats' short-weighted dozen.

Reagan has much to learn, if only about the problems of campaigning on ideas. He has yet to see or understand that other America. There is a question, too, of will, of whether he wants it enough. At one stop, Reagan came close to admitting the problem himself. "Sometimes," he said, "when the lights are off, and I am lying in bed, staring up at the ceiling, waiting for sleep to come, I ask myself, 'Why am I running.' " He meant the statement as a joke. But one wonders. "He doesn't have the burning in his belly to be President that Lyndon Johnson had or Richard Nixon had," an aide explained along the way. "Even the burning that Bob Finch had." That absence makes Reagan difficult to judge by conventional political standards, and even more difficult to understand.

There was just a glimpse. Near the end of the week, Reagan and I had a few moments, and I asked him why, nearing 65, already possessed of sufficient fame, with a wife who loves him, a ranch at home and horses to ride, he was doing it at all. "I guess," he said, "that I would feel guilty if I didn't." And the thing about it was, Ronald Reagan wasn't acting. ●

After a century and a third and in near perfect health, Charlie Smith is a totally authentic survival machine. The oldest living American—former slave, cowboy, bounty hunter, dance-hall manager and orange picker—is history you can reach out and touch and the wax won't melt on your fingers **by Sam Merrill**

THE OLDEST LIVING AMERICAN AT 133: "I FEELS ALL RIGHT, HOW YOU FEELIN'?"

On Christmas Day, 1974, modern times finally caught up with Charlie Smith. Coca-Cola had raised its wholesale price again and Charlie refused to pay it. Instead, he retired, closed down his "sody water and candy bars" stand at 1010½ Palmetto Street, Bartow, Florida, and moved into the Bartow Convalescent Center.

It was the end of a long career.

Charlie Smith had operated his little stand for almost 20 years. Before that, he'd run a dance hall. Before that, he'd worked in a turpentine factory. Before that, he'd been a logger. Before that, he'd been a bounty hunter and marginal outlaw. Before that, he'd been a cowboy. Before that, he'd been a slave.

Charlie Smith is 133 years old.

He has lived through more than two-thirds of American history—29 of our 38 presidential administrations—outlived both Jefferson Davis and Martin Luther King, both of whom he remembers; was 61 when the Wright brothers took one small step for modern technology and 127 when Neil Armstrong took another.

Medical researchers who've studied Charlie Smith call him "a totally authentic survival machine."

His former neighbors on Palmetto Street in Bartow's black ghetto remember him as "that simple old fool who used to talk to the children all day."

But Charlie Smith is something else, too. He is history you can step over the ropes and touch—and the wax won't melt on your fingers.

The Bartow Convalescent Center is a squat, unmarked, one-story building the color of mushrooms, or cardboard.

When I arrived around 11 a.m., most of the old-timers were well into their mid-morning naps. Dressed in pajamas, or robes, or hospital gowns, they occupied a phalanx of chairs and wheelchairs in the front lobby. Dozing lightly, snorting, drooling into their laps, they patiently awaited the afternoon's festivity: lunch.

But at the precise center of this group, a slender black man in a red and white cowboy shirt and ten gallon hat sat bolt upright. When I approached him, he smiled broadly.

"Hello, Charlie. I came to visit you. . . . No, please, don't get up. Really, it's OK. You can sit down." But the oldest American remained standing until I'd found a chair.

"See, y'all know me. But I don't know you."

I introduced myself. Charlie extended his hand. The grip was firm, steady, dry. But the feel was leather, not skin. I asked him how he felt.

"I feels all right. Feels like a shotgun 'bout to shoot it's last shell. How you feelin'?"

I said OK.

"Where y'all from?"

"New York."

Charlie was obviously pleased. "I ain't never been to New York. But y'all know me, even though I don't know you. See, my name and picture's been all over the world. Places I done been and places I ain't been. . . ." From there, Charlie launched into one of his recurring biographical lectures: the Story of the Three Names. "I got three names," he somberly informed me. "My name, what my mother and father named me, is Mitchell. Mitchell Watkins. Man who raised me named me Charlie. His name was Charlie and he named me Charlie. Charlie Smith. That's the name I go in now. State named me Trigger Key'd. I got three names. . . ."

It was 20 minutes before I could get in another word.

Charlie Smith peers out at the changing world through the strangest eyes I've ever seen on a black man: pale, pale blue, deep-set, low-slung in broad pouches. His frail body, wrapped in luxurious, chocolate-brown leather, looks almost upholstered. Yet he is in remarkably good condition, and not just for a man his age—for anybody. Blood pressure, 120/70; hearing, normal. Tests show him to be a *little* farsighted, but not enough to require glasses ("I see just as good now as I ever did seen," he maintains). And although he is comically bowlegged, he shuffles around without a cane, without even clinging to the hand-rail that rings every room and corridor in the Convalescent Center. If Chaplin's "Little Tramp" had spent a hundred years on horseback, he'd have walked exactly like Charlie Smith.

Charlie and I spent five days together discussing his long life and—mostly—sweet times. He smoked Marlboro's, spoke up to six hours at a stretch in his funny little Hollywood-western twang, wisecracked, sang maybe ten old ballads I'd never heard before, told licentious jokes about snakes, mules and women, and in general tried his damnedest to remember what had happened to America and Charlie Smith—not necessarily in that order—since the president of the United States was an old Mexican War hero named John Tyler.

It wasn't easy.

Charlie tends to repeat himself (I must have heard the Story of the Three Names at least a dozen times, and several of his other favorites almost as often). And he's a little confused about some of the names and dates. But thanks to his

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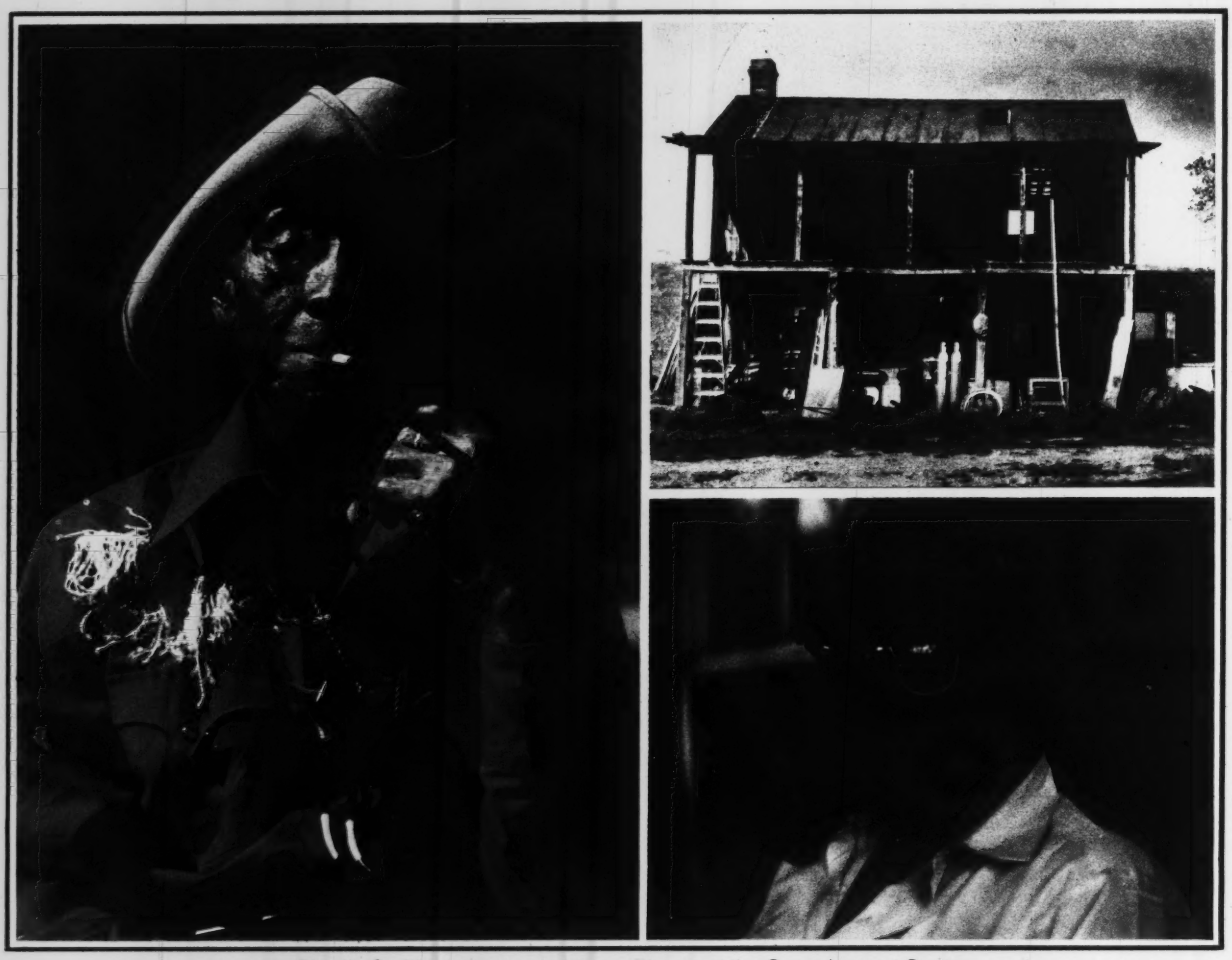


PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM MERRILL

Charlie Smith rests easy in his new home at the Convalescent Center.
For 20 years he ran a "sody water and candy bars" business out of his Bartow, Florida, shack (upper right).
He still visits often with his only known offspring, Chester, age 70 (bottom right).

uncanny patience and concentration, and with the help of librarians and archivists in Galveston, Texas; Geneva, Alabama; and Lakeland, Florida, what finally emerged was a complex and profoundly American odyssey: a century and a third of politics, race relations and technology refracted through the oddly clarifying lens of a totally illiterate sensibility.

Mitchell Watkins was born in Liberia in 1842. He lived in "a house with a chimney near the water," had two older sisters, Moselle and Laura, whose weddings he remembers, an older brother, Simon, and "a baby sister, Hattie." He doesn't remember what his father, Simon Sr., did for a living, but his mother, Linda, "done housework and turned a little old sausage mill in the yard. If I was to see my mamma and daddy today, I wouldn't know 'em a bit mo' than you would. They'd have to make themselves known to me. I ain't see 'em since I was a child."

Mitchell went to school in Liberia, studied English from a "blue-back Webster" and celebrated Christmas. "Sandy Claw come to children all over the world. We called him something different in Africa. I forget what."

As a child, he'd seen a few white people. "Whites was pretty thick in some places, but where we lived there wasn't many." So in the summer of 1854, when a slave ship docked at a nearby landing, Mitchell Watkins, age 12, just *had* to check it out.

"I was helpin' Mamma turn the sausage mill and I axed her could I go down to the landin', see the white mens. Said, 'Yeah.' So I went down to the landin' and I ain't never gotten back."

The Liberian Embassy confirms the existence of two Watkins families living in coastal towns in the 1840s. They also told me that the Republic of Liberia was founded by former President James Monroe as a homeland for freed American slaves (hence the capital: Monrovia). So many black residents *did* have American names, celebrated Christmas, learned English in school. Some of them even had blue eyes.

The two white men at the landing soon gathered a crowd of curious Liberians with a show-and-tell demonstration of the wonders of the New World. Charlie still remembers the incident vividly.

"White mens said when you git over to the U-nited States, ain't nobody got to work. Said whenever you git hongry in that country, alls you got to do is go down to the fritter tree and git your fritter. Same thing now you call pancakes, they called 'em fritters in them days. Said that tree beared fritters just like a tree bear apples and oranges. That's the way they gits us on the boat. They tricks us. Not just me—everybody. Grown people."

Charlie doesn't remember how long the voyage to America took. All he remembers about it is that he was scared and lonesome, didn't eat much and cried most of the way. Eventually, he made

Sam Merrill, 28, last reported for NEW TIMES *on Silva Mind Control. Charlie Smith was 28 in 1870.*

such a nuisance of himself the other slaves wanted to throw him overboard. "Had me by the arms. Carryin' me. Throwin' me off. But one of the white mens, name a Mr. Leg-ree, b'ject, said, 'Don't throw that boy overboard.' That's all what saved me from gittin' thrown off the goddamn boat."

Of course, the Fritter Tree Gambit is as old as slavery itself, but Mr. Legree sounded awfully fishy—especially since America's number-one best seller in 1854 was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I naturally assumed someone had been telling Charlie Simon Legree stories. However, Cindy Rezzonico of the Bartow Chamber of Commerce recently discovered that there was in fact a slaver named Legree working the Gold Coast of Africa during that period.

I might as well admit that Charlie had a little trouble relating to me. One problem was that he didn't know whether I was a man or a woman. He *usually* addressed me as a man, but on several occasions he waffled. The first time it happened, we were discussing hair styles. "White ladies used to plat [braid] their hair just like you plat a whup. But now they roll it, or let it fall straight down their shoulders like you do, missus."

Another problem Charlie had with me was that he couldn't understand why I was asking him about his life. "This here's the history of me," he kept saying, offering me the book that was always under his arm. "You can read it. See, 'The History of Charlie Smith.' "

Charlie's fingers traced the ciphers of a title that actually read, *Yessir, I've Been Here A Long Time; the faces and words of Americans who have lived a century*, by George Mitchell.

"See, just leaf the leafs," Charlie invited.

I did. The book actually contained pictures and notes on 33 centenarians, Charlie included, but he was convinced it was his biography.

"I used to tell people about myself—what I done and how old I is, and they said it ain't so. I'm colored, so especially they didn't believe it. Said, 'You're a dang liar, you black son of a bitch. You ain't got no goddamn proof.' But now I shows 'em this, 'The History of Charlie Smith.' I didn't print it. U-nited States printed it and sont it to me to show people I ain't no liar."

Apparently, none of the oldest American's many visitors has had the heart to tell him that the book is not a history of Charlie Smith. Or perhaps they have and Charlie's egocentricity allows him to dismiss their claims the same way he dismisses the photographs of the 32 other centenarians in the book. Researchers usually note a mild egotism in persons who have achieved extreme longevity, an ability to screen out conflicts and contradictions. That description seems to fit Charlie well.

"This here's the history of me," Charlie kept repeating. "You can read it for your own self."

"I know it is. But I want to hear *you* tell me."

He thought I was a crazy-woman. But he obliged.

Charlie Smith was purchased in the New Orleans Slave Market on July 4, 1854, by a cattleman from Galveston County named Charles Smith. Charlie himself has forgotten the exact date of the transaction, but shortly before going out of business, *Life* magazine located his original bill of sale.

"Young people y'all age, both white and colored, don't know nothin' 'bout slavery times 'cause you wasn't birthed yet," Charlie continually reminded me. "I know 'bout slavery times 'cause I was there. I *know* it."

Something mysterious and wonderful happened to Charlie on that long ride back to Galveston. He still can't explain the good fortune that befell him. Little Mitchel Watkins left New Orleans a slave and arrived in Texas a wealthy and privileged young man. "Old Man Charlie thought mo' of me than the other coloreds. I don't know why. He give me his name, raised me right in the house with his other children. We et together, went to school together, slept together—the boys did. There wasn't no difference in the treatments 'cept I was colored and the rest of his children was white. I wasn't never bein' no slave. Old Man Charlie even tell me where he keeped his money."

"That was slavery times. Bad times. Southern white folks was workin' the coloreds. Whuppin' em. The North fought the South to free the colored people. I know it. I didn't read it. I was there"

One can only speculate why Mr. Smith took such a liking to Charlie. Perhaps he felt sorry for the scared, scrawny kid who spoke English when he wasn't crying. Or perhaps it was those strange blue eyes. . . .

Charlie remembers his childhood days on the Smith Ranch as the happiest of his life. He went to school for only two years: 1855 and 1856. "I was mo' interested in ridin' and shootin' than in my books." But he recalls those two terms with startling clarity. His teachers, he told me, were Mr. Delly Robertson and Mrs. Bell. He remembers spelling bees, slates and slate pencils, the shoulder bag Mrs. Smith gave him for his school supplies and a book called *The First Reader*. (McGuffey's?)

But most of all, Charlie remembers recess. "The boys played marbles and running base. The girls played jump the rope. When time was out, the teacher'd rap a little bell. Ting. Ting Ting.' That mean to stop playin'."

I asked Charlie if he played baseball at school.

"No, they didn't have no baseball in them days that I knowed about." (Although baseball was invented in Cooperstown, N.Y., in 1839, it was not played west of the Mississippi until after the Civil War.) "I played baseball later when I was grown."

Charlie enjoyed talking about baseball, said he remembered seeing Satchel Paige pitch once but couldn't recall where or when. "I was gittin' up in years long about them days."

True enough. The legendary Satchel Paige didn't break into the Negro Southern Association until the spring of 1926. And Charlie Smith was almost 84 years old by then.

Charlie finished telling me about his "old school days"—the phrase has never been more apt—around noon of my second day at the Center. Lunch was being served and Charlie invited me to dine with him. I declined, said I'd already eaten. He was visibly hurt.

"It's all right. Whites and coloreds eat together here."

Try and tell a former slave you didn't mean it that way.

I ate.

Charlie's table manners are exemplary—with one exception: Before eating, he removes his teeth.

"State sont me these teeth," he explained proudly. "Didn't cost me nothin'. My own teeth, what I was born and raised in, got raggedy. Had teethaches. Never been to no dentist, so I pulled 'em out my own self. Now the state sont me these. Everybody should have teeth."

Charlie poured sugar all over his hamburger, patiently sawed it into dozens of tiny morsels and gummed it from a fork.

"Yeah, sir. Everybody eats here. White and colored."

Charlie's thoughts frequently return to race relations, and he never tires of laughing at a strange juxtaposition he has lived long enough to see. "I don't have to straighten up my bed. White lady comes in and does it for me. I'm colored and a white lady straightens up my bed. Whole lotta difference from slavery times."

After lunch, a nurse approached and handed Charlie a pill. He was embarrassed and felt obliged to explain. "Give me pills. Twice a day. Not just me, everybody. White and colored."

"Do they make you feel better?"

"Supposed to, I reckon. But I feels all right befo' I takes 'em."

The 1850s were sweet years for Charlie. He remembers Christmas on the Smith Ranch:

"Old Man Charlie would tell all us children, 'Y'all go to bed now. Sandy Claw be here tonight.' Then he'd get barefeeted, make tracks up the back of the chimney in the ashes, make out them seen 'im. But I heared tell of 'im. He was the president of the U-nited States. A white fella. Everybody sayin' Ab'ham Lincoln freed the slaves. Ab'ham Lincoln didn't free nobody from nothin'. Union Army freed the colored people from slavery times. I was there. I *know* it."

Charlie claims that life on the Smith Ranch was relatively unaffected by the war. "Old Man Charlie wasn't happy to give up his slaves, but he didn't mind it so much." Which is probably true. Slaves weren't nearly as important to the cattlemen as they were to the plantation owners.

Mr. Smith may have been ambivalent about emancipation, but Charlie was all for it. "After the war, white mens hired the coloreds as hands. Had to pay 'em. Colored didn't wanna work no mo', work for somebody else, he'd do it. Whole lotta difference from slavery times."

Charlie made one observation about America after the Civil War that stunned me.

The most important invention ever? "The often home," says Charlie. "If your kinfolks are day'd and gone, the state takes care of you"

was Sandy Claw's feetprints, y'see."

And on Christmas morning, his stocking would be full. "Got apples, oranges, candy, firecrackers, Roman candles, skyrockets—all like that."

Charlie's favorite gift was the skyrocket. "Skyrocket got a rod in the back. Stick fire to it. BOOM! Whole thing jump out the ground."

But as he passed through adolescence, he became aware of the events leading up to the Civil War. "I was ridin' hosses and totin' two 45s when I wasn't but a child, and the slaves didn't have nothin'. Slaves used to smoke chewin' tobacca after it was done chewed out. Chew a plug, set it out to dry, roll it up in old newspaper or sack paper and smoke it. That was slavery times. Bad times. Southern white folks was workin' the coloreds. Whuppin' em. White mens was gittin' children by the colored womens. All like that. And the North found out how they was treatin' the coloreds, slavin' em, and that what caused the war. The North fought the South to free the colored people from slavery times. I know it. I didn't read it. I was there."

Charlie even remembers Jefferson Davis. "He was the president of the southern part of the world. Then the Union Army come down and he wasn't president of nothin' no mo'."

He remembers Lincoln with equal irreverence. "I never met 'im. Never even

"You used to see a whole lotta bright colored people befo' the war. After the war you didn't see so many. Now you don't hardly see none at all."

I asked Charlie if he actually believed white people were smarter than blacks.

"They ain't naturally no smarter."

So what did he mean by not seeing any "bright coloreds"?

"That mean when your daddy's white and your mamma's colored. You ain't black and you ain't white. You bright. Bright folks was got in slavery times.

"See coloreds used to be darker than they is now. White mens was gittin' children by the colored womens all through slavery times. So 'long about now, most every colored person you see has got a white daddy in 'im somewhere back. When we was comin' over from Africa, everybody was straight out black. Now they's not so black. They's different-skinned, different-haired."

After the Civil War, Charlie was 23 years old. But he stayed on at the Smith Ranch as a cowboy until Mr. Smith's death in 1874. "I was the onliest colored cowboy there was," he recalls proudly. He also joined the Masons. "Old Man Charlie was a Mason and he made me a Mason. Made 'em take me in. I was the first colored Mason ever there was in the U-nited States."

While we spoke, Charlie held his Masonic ring up for my inspection. The inset had long ago fallen away, its imprint barely remaining in the stone. More interesting than the ring was the hand itself: broad, bony, unbent by arthritis, as steady as a surgeon's knife. But Charlie's hand had either grown or swollen considerably since he'd joined the Masons. There was no way that ring would ever come off now. I told him so.

"I ain't never taken that ring off. Never will, I reckon. That ring been on there over a hundred years."

Although the good times continued for Charlie as long as he remained on the Smith Ranch, he was not oblivious to the problems of Reconstruction.

"I remember the Klu Klux. They was white people, bad people. A colored man have money or sleep with a white woman, they'd lynch 'im. Klu Klux lynched a man I knew. Name a Bill. A colored fella. Don't know what he done. Maybe didn't do nothin'. But they lynched 'im all right. Made a fire on the cross. That mean they lynched 'im. Old Bill. Found 'im in the lake. White folks said he musta jumped in and drowned. But I knowed what happened. Klu Klux done lynched 'im. Klu Klux lynched colored people a-plenty."

The lynching of his friend Bill left Charlie with an emotional scar he bears to this day. "Ain't never slept with no white woman. Never even kissed one. I was scared the Klu Klux'd come and git me, lynch me. If I was to kiss a white woman today, I wouldn't live to see morning. The Klu Klux'd come. Maybe a hundred head of white mens. Lynch me. Throw me in the lake. Yeah, sir. If I was to kiss a white woman like you, missus, I'd be gaitor bait by morning."

Charlie was married, however, to at least three women, all black. Two were common law, the last one was "in the courthouse." But he has only one living offspring: his baby son, Chester, age 70.

Chester Smith isn't built or disposed much like Charlie. He's a somber man: thick-set, bull-necked, with the legs of a middle linebacker. But he's his father's son all right. He has blue eyes.

Although Chester loves his father and visits him often at the Convalescent Center, his childhood memories are not all pleasant. Chester remembers Charlie as a brawling, hard-drinking drifter who spent as little time and left as little money with his family as possible. "Poppa was always drinkin' whiskey, gettin' into fights and movin' us around to one place or another. Finally Momma gave up on him and went about her business. I didn't see Poppa for a long time."

Charlie doesn't seem to have been a "mean" father or husband. He just never lost any years worrying about the welfare of those around him.

With one exception: Old Man Charlie Smith.

Although Old Man Smith died in 1874, over a century ago, Charley remembers the incident more vividly than his last meal. He still considers it the low point of his life, and his account of the death of the white man he came to call "Dad" moved me almost to tears.

"He called for me. I went in the house, said, 'What is it?'

"Said, 'Bring me the Bible with y'alls' names in it.' He was sick, layin' in bed. Said, 'Put your hand in here.'

"I put my hand in the Bible and he made me take a oath I wouldn't never change my name. And he was dyin'. 'Don't break your oath. Don't change your name.' And he was dyin'. Sayin' that over and over. 'Don't change your name. Don't change your name.' When he quit sayin' that, he was day'd.

"I shook 'im, said, 'Dad?'

"He was day'd.

"I called for John. Old Man's son name a John. I said, 'Have the saddles took off the hosses.'

"He say, 'What's wrong?'

"I say, 'The Old Man is day'd.'

"His name was Charlie and he named me Charlie and that's the name I go in now."

Charlie Smith is not only the oldest American, but also the second oldest unquestionably documented human on the face of the earth (the oldest being 136-year-old Mrs. Khfaf Lasuria of Abkhazia in the Georgian SSR). And for an American, that is *most* unusual. Extreme longevity seems to be the sole preserve of three isolated villages: Abkhazia, Mrs. Lasuria's home, Vilcabamba in the Ecuadorian Andes (home of Juan Periera, previously the oldest human, who died 17 years ago at 168) and Hunza, in the Karakoram Mountains of Pakistani Kashmir.

In these three remote regions, one out of every 90 persons lives to be over 100. In America, the figure is one out of 35,000.

Nobody knows why.

Many researchers believe diet is at least partly responsible. In Vilcabamba and Abkhazia, the average adult takes in only 1,200 calories a day. A typical Hunzan ingests 1,925. Americans over 55 average 3,300 calories a day, including three times the protein and five times the fat of the world's longest-lived peoples. Charlie has always had a small appetite. "I never made no big joy off my food. If I was hongry and it was eatable, I et. I enjoyed beer and whiskey better than my eats, anyway."

Exercise may be another clue. In the three real-life Shangri-las, it is customary to continue one's career—usually some form of manual labor, until well over 100. Charlie picked oranges from the age of 82 until he was 113, and Khfaf Lasuria was a tea picker until Soviet authorities forced her into retirement at 128.

Oddly, although the adverse effects of alcohol and tobacco on the *average* life span have been proven beyond question, their relationship to *extreme* longevity is somewhat less clear.

Western researchers such as Dr. Alexander Leaf, who studied longevity on a National Geographic Society grant, report that old Khfaf Lasuria has the first of several daily snorts of vodka before breakfast and smokes at least a pack of unfiltered cigarettes a day.

Until entering the Convalescent Center a year ago, Charlie started each day with a blast of bourbon. "Say drinkin' and smokin'll kill you," Charlie cackles, "but I been doin' both since I weren't but 12 years old and they ain't done nothin' to me yet. Maybe they'd do somethin' to me if I *stopped* doin' 'em."

Strange.

After Old Man Smith's death, Charlie rode the range as a cowpuncher and hired hand. He remembers one of his employers particularly. "I worked for the man y'all have heared about—Jesse James."

Charlie admits that he didn't spend much time with the famous outlaw, but he claims to have hung around the fringes of the James gang for perhaps a year. He never went along on any of the big heists, and his proudest moment as a desperado came when he "saw Jesse James' baby befo' he did."

The way Charlie tells it, "Jesse's wife was birthin', but Jesse didn't wanna miss that pay car on the train he was layin' to rob. So he sont me back to see how his wife was gittin' along. Old colored lady, name a Dinah, was the midwife—called 'em grannies along in them days. She was waitin' on Jesse's wife and by the time I got there the baby was born."

Then Jesse returned and threw a party. "Had drinkin', singing', eatin', shootin' blank cartridges up in the air. Calls that sportin', y'know. Drinkin' beer outa five gallon kegs. Givin' the baby a birthday party."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM MERRILL

Advice for a happy life: "Don't wear no raggedy clothes. Don't go barefeeted. Enjoy your money while you livin', 'cause you sho' can't enjoy it when you day'd"

I believe Charlie probably did work for Jesse James, although it is unlikely that we will ever know for sure. For one thing, the gang's membership was fluid, sometimes rising to 80 or 90, other times ebbing to a dozen or less. And the names of many of them have been lost. But more important, Charlie was black. And the esteem in which black people were held in the Golden Age of the West is perhaps best summed up by the following contemporary elegy for Billy the Kid: "The Kid killed 23 men in his short life, not including Indians, Mexicans and Negroes."

But we do know that Jesse James was not opposed to working with blacks. Also, the dates in Charlie's story match up pretty well. Old Man Smith died in 1874 and Jesse Edward James, the outlaw's only son, was born on August 31, 1875. And the James gang, in cooperation with the Younger Brothers, *did* pull off a major holdup that week.

But the best reason I have for believing that Charlie knew Jesse James is a man named Pinky.

Before going to see Charlie, I obtained the name of the most obscure person known to have been associated with the James gang: Pinky, a ranch hand. Soon after meeting Charlie, I asked him, in no particular context, "Did you know Pinky?"

His face went blank for a moment. Finally he said, "No. . . . Yeah, I knowed a Pinky once. But I forget how."

Later that afternoon, I asked again.

"Pinky. Yeah, I knowed Pinky." But he failed to elaborate.

And finally, after the story of the birthday party, I asked one more time.

"Pinky work for Jesse James," Charlie replied with assurance. "He one of Jesse James' special friends."

Charlie had something else to say about Jesse James that interested me. He maintained that "ain't nobody killed Jesse James."

I asked him about Bob Ford.

"Robert Ford, man they named the Ford car after, claimed to kill Jesse James. But he didn't do it. I knowed Robert Ford. He worked for Jesse James befo' I did. He didn't kill no Jesse James. Jesse James die a natural death. Ain't nobody killed Jesse James but God."

Charlie was adamant about that point.

Could he have known that federal authorities never officially identified the body Bob Ford brought in, and that, in the mid-Fifties, the outlaw's niece told *Time* magazine that Jesse James had changed his identity after the Ford incident and lived underground until his death at 110?

Possibly.

Finally, I asked Charlie to describe Jesse James, and after cracking a joke he used on me frequently during the interview—"Oh, he looked like a white fella"—he replied: "Jesse was just a little bit longer than I is, and fatter."

Charlie Smith is five-eight, 132 pounds; Jesse James was five-nine, 160.

As I said, there is no hard evidence to back up Charlie's claim that he worked for Jesse James. But I believe him.

Charlie also claims to have known Billy the Kid.

I doubt it.

Unlike Jesse James, whose words, thoughts and actions are richly detailed in

"Say drinkin' and smokin'll kill you, but I been doin' both since I weren't but 12 years old and they ain't done nothin' to me yet. Maybe they'd do somethin' if I *stopped* doin' 'em"

Charlie's anecdotes, Billy the Kid never manages to assume human proportions, never says or does anything on his own. He is simply there—"me and Billy the Key'd"—an invisible traveling companion not unlike the make-believe friends commonly invented by lonely children.

Charlie's references to Billy the Kid saddened me, so I ignored them. But they didn't go away.

"Me and Billy the Key'd rid across the Sandy Desert and got a bad man. Brought him back. Got a $500 re-ward."

Like minor criminals today who supplement their incomes as police informants, marginal outlaws in the Old West frequently doubled as bounty hunters. Charlie apparently fell into that category. He never brought in anyone big. The badmen Charlie collared carried rewards of $500 tops. But his stories about how he got them are fascinating. In Charlie's bounty hunting stories, he always refers to himself as Trigger Kid. I couldn't figure out why.

In one account, Trigger Kid and Billy the Kid busted their man out of a local jail where he was being protected. "BAM BAM BAM BAM. Shot the locks a-loose. We got 'im."

In another, he and Billy collected $500 for a black desperado named Railroad Bill. "Railroad Bill was hung in Geneva, Alabama," Charlie recalls. "Sheriff's name was Tom McKenzie."

Geneva's town records were destroyed in a courthouse fire in 1930, but an old-timer there told me he thought the incident occurred sometime before 1897. Charlie wouldn't have remembered Railroad Bill at all had I not asked him a totally unrelated question: "How have men's fashions changed during your lifetime?"

The first thing he thought of was bell bottoms. And that reminded him of Railroad Bill. "Had big leg pants from the knee on down. Railroad Bill wore 'em. Made a song of 'im."

Charlie sang:

Railroad Bill,
He so bad,
Shot that lantern
Out the high sheriff's hand.
Railroad Bill,
He so mean,
Wouldn't wear nothin'
But his big leg jeans.

"Yeah, Yeah. Old big leg pants from the knee on down. Had 'em years and years ago. Have 'em again today."

The frontier was officially closed in 1890, and by the turn of the century farms and railroads and telegraph lines had transformed the once-seamless countryside of the West into a patchwork of barbed wire and no-trespassing signs. There wasn't much use for cowboys anymore, so Charlie Smith drifted into turpentine mills, logging and road-building, what he calls "public works."

Between 1900 and the outbreak of World War I, Charlie was in his sixties to mid-seventies. He'd seen a lot of changes by then. I asked him about some of them.

The telephone: "Didn't used to be able to talk to nobody 'less they was right there with you. Now they just calls you up. On the telephone. I likes it."

The electric light: "When I first seed it go on, I said, 'It ain't rainin'. Must be dry lightnin'. But I don't hear no thunder.' I didn't know what to make of the damn thing."

The radio and phonograph: "Called 'em 'music boxes.' Well, they did have music in 'em. Only difference, with one you put the song in the machine and turn it on. Then it come out singin'. With the other, you don't put nothin' in. Just turn it on like you turn on a light. Has different songs in it. Turn the dial to a number and it sings and talks. Turn to a different number and it sings a different song, or talks different talk."

The airplane: "When it first come out, colored people were scared of the dang thing. Thought it might drop on

'em. First time I seed one for my own self I dove to one side. I said, 'Goddamn thing's gonna fall out the sky and kill me and everybody else.' "

The automobile: "When I first seed a car, I didn't wanna mess with it. But as I got up in the world, I bought me a Ford car. White man at the turpentine works teached me to shift the shift and clutch the clutch. I liked it. Whole lotta difference from ridin' a hoss. Next car I owned was a Buick. That a *big* car. I never did own no Cadillac, though."

Motion pictures: "First movin' picture ever I seen, white folks was singin', dancin', cuttin' up—all such as that. Next one was cowboys. I didn't like that so well. They wasn't no sho' enough cowboys. They was actors makin' out they was cowboys. I was a sho' enough cowboy. Shoulda made a movin' picture of me. 'The History of Trigger Key'd.' Yeah, Yeah."

Politics: "I ain't never voted for no president. Had plenty of opportunities." (Twenty-seven to be exact.)"But there ain't never been no president I liked enough to vote for."

While we were on the subject of politics, I asked Charlie if he thought the United States would ever elect a black president. His answer surprised me.

"No, the colored people wouldn't vote for 'im."

"You mean the *white* people wouldn't vote for him."

"White people wouldn't vote for 'im, neither. But the coloreds, see, a lot of 'em are grudgeful hearted, don't like to see another colored get up in the world. Colored man run for president, coloreds wouldn't vote for 'im 'cause he was colored and whites wouldn't vote for 'im 'cause he was colored. Colored man run for president, wouldn't *nobody* vote for 'im."

Charlie's view of race relations may be rooted in the 19th century, but he was never an Uncle Tom. In fact, contemporary records credit him with being the man who integrated Wauchula, Florida, a town not far from Bartow, in about 1905. I asked Charlie about it.

"Had a sign up in the depot. Sign said, 'Read Nigger and Run.' I got off the train at Wauchula and tore it down. That when I worked for the turpentine man. I was the first colored to live in Wauchula. All the other coloreds work for the turpentine man live in special quarter outside a town."

I told him he could have gotten into trouble doing things like that.

"Oh yeah, I guess."

Charlie smiled almost boyishly when I asked him if he'd ever run afoul of the law.

"I gitted into trouble sometimes."

"Ever go to jail?"

"No, lucky I always had a white man around to git me out of it."

"What would have happened to you if there were no white men around to help?"

"I'd a got hung, I reckon." Charlie cackled wildly. Thumbing one's nose at death is probably life's greatest joke. Charlie Smith has been doing it longer than anyone now and he still never misses a punch line. "Yeah, yeah. I reckon they'd a strung me up. That or sont me to the chain gang. But I never did go."

In 1917, the United States entered the Great War. Most people of that era vividly remember the day we declared war on the Kaiser. But Charlie's not even sure he remembers the Kaiser.

"Was he a white fella?"

"Yes," I coaxed.

"Oh, well. There been so many wars. But I was lucky. I never went to n'er a war."

Although Charlie said he hadn't heard of Karl Marx, I nevertheless suspect him of being a closet socialist. For one thing, Charlie's singular interpretation of each American war since the Civil War is enough to raise every John Birch eyebrow in the house: "Poor folks didn't like the way the rich folks was doin' 'em. So they fought a war." Spanish-American, World War I, World War II, Korea, Vietnam; it didn't matter which war I named. Charlie's "struggle between the classes" interpretation was identical.

Charlie's brand of down-home collectivism became even more apparent when I asked him what he considered the most important invention of his lifetime. The automobile? Electricity? The airplane? No, Charlie discounted all of those.

"The often home," he replied, after considerable thought.

"The often home?"

"Yeah. Place where they sends motherless children. If your kinfolks are day'd and gone, the state takes care of you. Sends you to the often home."

Charlie may be growing a little red in his golden years, but don't think for a moment that Trigger Kid, the old bounty hunter, has gone soft on law and order. Although he hasn't been to New York, Charlie *has* seen other big cities, including Los Angeles, and he didn't like what he saw. "Folks in the city go around killin', robbin' one another. I likes it better in the country. Got better rules and orders."

"Robert Ford claimed to kill Jesse James. But he didn't do it. I knowed Robert Ford. He worked for Jesse James befo' I did. Jesse James die a natural death. Ain't nobody killed Jesse James but God"

And apparently Charlie's preference for an orderly society applies as much to the Bartow Convalescent Center as it does to the world at large. During my fourth day with Charlie, a totally senile old coot began howling uncontrollably. Although none of the other residents paid any attention to him, Charlie was appalled.

"What ails that man?" he demanded of one of the attendants.

She said she didn't know.

The old-timer's shriek deepened into a wordless rumble, a wild moronic plea for God knows what.

"If I was runnin' a place like this, I wouldn't have no hootin' and hollerin' and all this fuss," Charlie informed me. "Yeah, sir. I'd have some rules and orders."

The screeching continued, yet none of the other residents seemed to mind—or notice. Finally, Charlie lost his temper. He wheeled around—perhaps "inched around quickly" would be more precise—faced the bellowing old man, reached deep into his diaphragm for some surprising volume.

"Goddammit, hush, you old fool!"

The man caught his breath in midscream, left the air pulsing with the kind of dead silence that often precedes a thunderstorm—or follows a gunshot.

Carve another notch in the bone-handle revolver of Trigger Kid.

Sometime during World War I, Charlie left the turpentine works in Wauchula and moved to Lakeland, Florida, where he managed a dance hall. "Called 'em juke joints in them days. Had eatin', drinkin', singin' and dancin'—had a piana player—and skinnin'. That mean gamblin'. Run a skin game."

Charlie recalls a particularly colorful character from Lakeland "name a Sherman. Sherman the Fishman."

Apparently, Sherman was a cripple. "He walk with a crutch. They didn't have no rollin' chairs 'long in them days that I knowed about." And he loved to gamble. "Sherman be skinnin' at the juke alls the time he wasn't workin' his fish trap over in Peach Creek."

Then one day the juke was busted. "Logan, the high sheriff, and Wilder, the deputy, come to 'rest everybody for skinnin'. So old Sherman drop his crutch and start runnin'. See, everywhere he go, he walk on his crutch. But when Logan and Wilder come to 'rest 'im, he jump up runnin' and left his crutch. They shot. Missed. Old Sherman, runnin' without his crutch."

"Did the sheriff catch him?"

"No, they didn't catch 'im. So they 'rested his crutch." Charlie cackled wildly at his own joke. "They *'rested* his *crutch.* Yeah, yeah."

Around that period—Charlie was then about 80—you can see the fog beginning to collect in his memory. Vignettes are no longer recalled with Kodachrome clarity. Names are blurred (Wilder becomes Wyler in many of the stories), and the years begin telescoping. For example, Charlie is dead certain his "juke joint" days coincided with the "Great Comet-Star"—which must mean the last passing of Halley's Comet in 1910. But local records show that although John Logan was sheriff of Lakeland from 1908 to 1924, one A.H. Wilder did not become deputy until 1920. So Charlie is at least ten years off there. And sometime during his orange-picking days, which local records place between 1926 and 1955, his time sense completely vanished. He now dismisses that entire 30-year chunk with a wave of his slender arm and an offhand, "Yeah, I picked citrus for a year or two."

"I ain't never voted for no president. Had plenty of opportunities but there ain't never been no president I liked enough to vote for"

Charlie Smith was "discovered" in 1955.

One afternoon, while high on a ladder with 20 pounds of oranges strapped to his back, the field boss of a citrus grove in Auburndale, Florida, asked Charlie for his social security number.

"I ain't never gotten one," Charlie replied.

"Well, how old are you?"

"A hundred and thirteen."

That was the beginning.

John Kimik, assistant district manager of social security's regional office in Lakeland, investigated Charlie's claim, discovered the poster offering him for sale in New Orleans on Independence Day, 1854, to a Mr. Charles Smith of Galveston, Texas. That made Charlie the oldest working American. It also qualified him for retirement benefits.

Charlie still can't comprehend the notion of being paid to do nothing—it's a long way from slavery to social security—so he's decided he must in some way be working for the government. "I'm a State Man," Charlie told me soon after we'd met. "I don't do nothin' now, but anyplace the state sonts me, I got to go there. I work for the U-nited States."

He even calls Frank Duerr of the local social security office and Margaret Ghent, a Bartow social worker, his "managers."

After Charlie's age was verified, he was taken to a hospital in Denver for further study. While there, he met Juan Periera, the oldest person in the world, then 166 years old. By 1956, Charlie and Periera were sharing a *Ripley's Believe It Or Not* exhibit: the oldest person and the oldest working person in the world.

Charlie Smith was a celebrity.

But fame proved somewhat disappointing. Charlie's "managers" forbade him from doing any more manual labor, and social security paid a lot less than he'd been making as a citrus picker, so Charlie was forced to move into a dilapidated (and recently condemned) two-room shack in Bartow's piss-poor black ghetto. Charlie lived alone in that shack for 20 years, sold soft drinks and candy to make ends meet. Sometimes he went days without eating a hot meal.

Life is better now.

Although Charlie has not actively participated in American life during the last 50 years, his eyes have not been closed. He's seen a lot of changes and has developed some rather unique opinions about many of them.

Nuclear weapons, for example: "Airplane go up outa sight and it carry some kinda atom bomb. Then they drop it out the airplane and people think the Lord done it. They don't know. Didn't see no airplane. Just see this ball drop on 'em and they think it come from God. Make 'em scared. Don't wanna fight no mo' if the Lord's agin' 'em."

Martin Luther King: "He was a good man. He day'd. White mens lynched 'im. He didn't like the way white folks was doin' the coloreds. He b'ject. So a whole crew of white mens come and kill 'im. He was a good man. He day'd."

Integration: "There ain't no . . . what you call it. Just that there ain't so many coloreds as there used to be. Klu Klux done lynched colored people a-plenty. Lotta the colored people there used to be is all deaded out now."

The miniskirt: "I likes it, all right. I likes it fine."

Advice for a happy life: "Don't wear no raggedy clothes. Don't go barefeeted. Anything you got to have, don't never let it give out—befo' it give out, git mo'. Enjoy your money while you livin', 'cause you sho' can't enjoy it when you day'd—'cause you can't carry it with you. Millionary dies, don't carry none of it with 'im. Do he?"

Advice for a long life: "Don't know. Whole lotta people axe me that, but I ain't got no special secret for how I live so long. I just live."

The jet plane (Charlie flew in a jet recently): "I didn't like it so well. Why should I go up in the air for? There's ground I ain't been on yet. I don't trust nothin' that ain't got four wheels or legs on the ground."

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration took Charlie to Cape Canaveral to see the launch of Apollo 17. While there, he was given the full VIP treatment. I asked for his impressions.

"It didn't go to no moon."

"You don't think so?"

"Noooo."

"Where did it go?"

"It went somewhere outa sight."

"But they brought back those rocks."

"Yeah, they carried 'em back. But they sho' carried 'em up there with 'em. Fella come around, showed me one of them rocks. Looked like a reg'lar old rock to me. 'Bout the size of a brown biscuit." There was no arguing with Charlie on that point. "Ain't never been to no moon. Fella go up, can say anything he want when he come down."

Marilyn Ness, the director of nurses at the Convalescent Center, told me that, unlike most of the old-timers, Charlie rarely watches television. But she said he *did* watch TV for a brief period during the Watergate trial. I asked him about that.

"I watched TV when they had a man on name a Mitchell. Same name my mother and father named me in Liberia, Africa. Seen this man's picture movin' around in the box. His name was Mitchell and my name was Mitchell." For reasons known only to himself, Charlie found that coincidence profoundly amusing. "Man in the television got the same name as me. Yeah, yeah."

I asked Charlie what he thought of the tape recorder, but he hadn't heard of it. So I rewound the one I was using and played him a sample of his own voice. The instant Charlie heard himself, he recoiled fearfully. But then he grew used to it, soon began talking along with himself. ". . . Don't wear no raggedy clothes. Don't go barefeeted . . . ," he echoed.

When I switched the machine off, Charlie cackled. "That's as good advice as you're gonna git," he told me. I wondered if he knew it was him. Perhaps he thought it was just some guy talking sense.

After five days with Charlie, I felt we had covered about as much of his life as he was likely to remember. But there were still a couple of questions I was anxious to ask.

"When you're going to sleep at night, or when you're all alone and there's nobody to talk to, what do you think about, Charlie? What goes through your mind?"

"I just thinks about my own past," he replied simply. "My children days in Africa. I thinks about what I seen and done and said. What other people done, how they looked and acted. All like that."

Then I asked him how it feels to be so old.

"When you gits real old, as old as I is, you feels bad all over sometimes. You never feels thataway when you're young. When you're young, you either hurts or you doesn't. But when you gits real old, sometimes you feels bad all over even though you don't hurt nowhere."

I postponed our farewell as long as possible. But the last plane out of Tampa was 10 p.m., and Tampa was a long way off. Eventually, I made my move. Charlie asked me if I'd be coming back again tomorrow. I said no, I wouldn't be around for a while.

"Well, y'all come back any time you git ready."

"I will, and you be sure to be here when I do."

"Oh, I don't know if I'll be here," Charlie replied matter-of-factly.

His words stuck like a fist in my solar plexus. Usually, Charlie spoke as though he were looking ahead to a future as limitless as his past (a set of gold teeth is one of the acquisitions he's planning for the years to come). This was the first serious reference he'd made to his own mortality.

"What do you mean you won't be here?"

"See, I'm a State Man. Wherever the state sonts me, I got to go. State sont me right here. Maybe next time they'll sont me someplace else."

"Oh . . . right. Well, don't worry, Charlie. I'll find you. But you take care of yourself. You're the oldest man in America, you know. . . ."

It took him a while, but he finally understood what I was talking about. "Oh, I ain't *'bout* to die. Noooo."

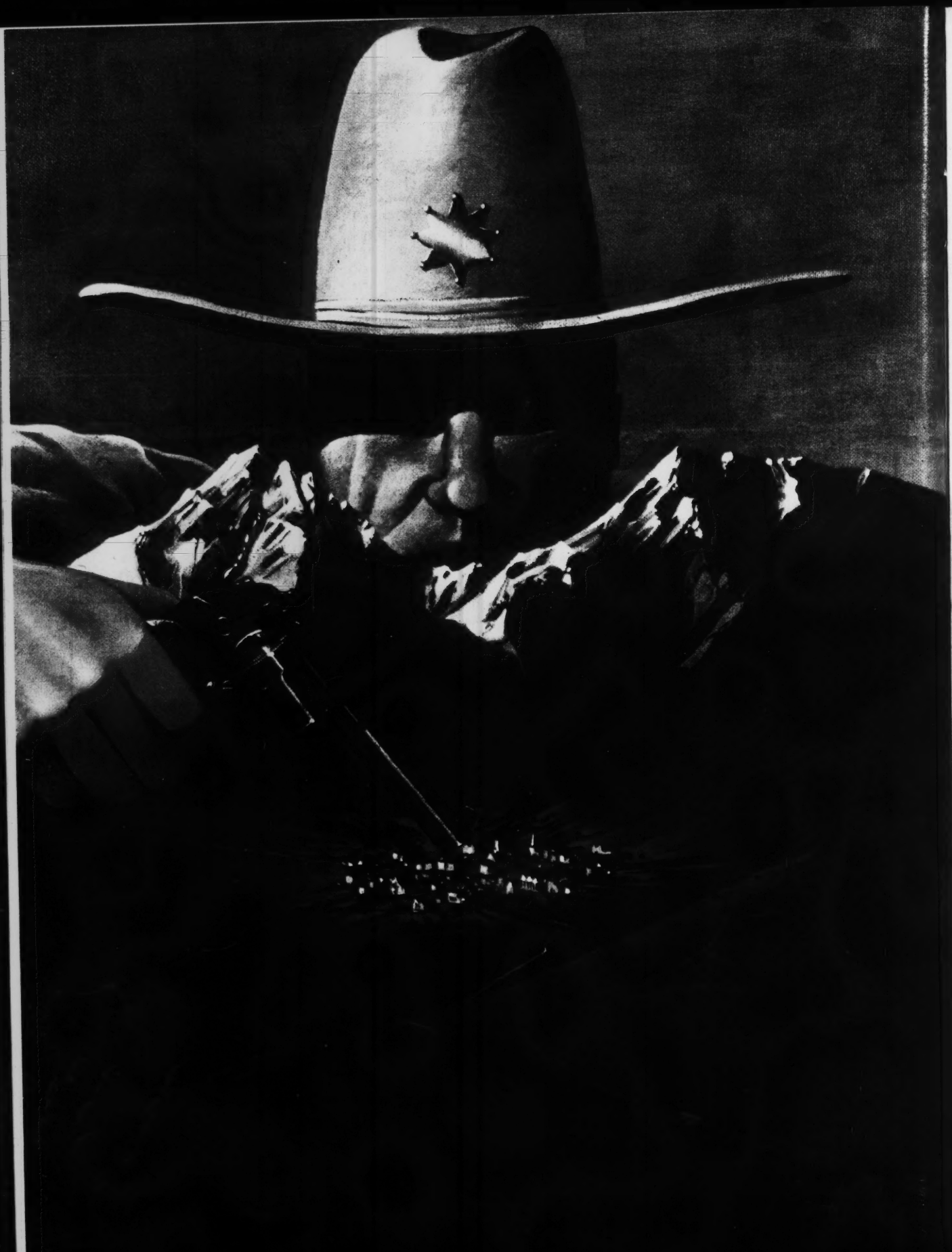
"How long do you plan on living?"

"Long as I kin. I sho' ain't plannin' on dyin'." Charlie's ancient face split into a gaping, Jack-o-lantern grin. "Maybe I won't *never* die. Yeah, yeah."

I left him laughing. ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM MERRILL

"When you gets real old, as old as I is, you feels bad all over sometimes. You never feels thataway when you're young"



ROCKY MOUNTAIN LOW

When sleepy Telluride, Colorado, was taken over by hip refugees from the cities, a lot of old-timers and local rednecks didn't like it a bit. So the sheriff decided to get back at the newcomers with drug charges—and soon the town was awash with informers and intrigue

By Roger Williams

The little group was standing in front of the freshly painted Telluride Trappings and Toggery, admiring the brand-new striped awning. It's the kind of event that gets celebrated in Telluride: Terry Tice, store owner and city council member, popped open the champagne and the cork flew 60 feet in the air. Toasts were raised to the finest renovation on Colorado Avenue.

As the group sipped and the glasses bubbled, the long, green Idarado Mining Company bus rumbled down the road, full of tired, vacant-eyed miners heading home. The driver motioned for the champagne drinkers to get out of the way. As the mine bus went by, bartender Rick Silverman, who once debated Spiro Agnew on the *David Frost Show*, shouted: "Just what these guys need. After working all day in the filthy mine, what do they get to see when they come through Telluride? A bunch of goddamn hippies standing in the middle of the street drinking champagne!"

A National Historic Landmark perched 8,745 feet up in the San Juan Mountains, Telluride, Colorado, is balanced on a measure of tolerance between hippies and rednecks, trust-funders and miners. The newly settled artists, dropout lawyers and movement veterans mingle with the conservative natives whose forebears arrived a century ago to work the gold and silver mines. Women now work as nippers and muckers in the mine at Pandora, alongside old-timers with 40 years' experience and younger cosmic miners who have just packed home from Nepal or Assam. At the Floradora and the Roma, the cowboys and Basque sheepherders drink peacefully, bellied up to the bar next to the newcomers on their Rocky Mountain highs. One 87-year-old miner remembers the I.W.W. and the Great Telluride Strike of 1904 when the militia shot down the strikers; and the 25-to-35-year-old longhairs carry indelible memories of the Sixties and Vietnam.

That fragile tolerance between new and old was abruptly shattered last June, when San Miguel County Sheriff Fred Ellerd and a squad of undercover narcotics agents staged a "massive" drug raid. In terms of drugs recovered, the operation was modest—merely 15 peyote buttons, 2 joints of marijuana and a quarter-gram of cocaine—but the raid also netted the town attorney, the deputy district attorney and three other Telluride residents.

Half the town of Telluride uses drugs: marijuana mostly, a little speed and—among the trust-funders—cocaine. What's more, the drug-using half of the population, through elected office, controls the town. Telluride is one of the very few American communities governed by drug users. It is also one of the very few ruled by hip, intelligent, progressive people under 35. When Sheriff Ellerd decided to go after the drug users, he was also waging war on Telluride's government.

"Sheriff Ellerd uses marijuana as a tool against people he doesn't like, and he's got the law to back him up," says Ross Willis. An ex-Marine and eight-year veteran of the Los Angeles Police Department, Willis was Ellerd's undersheriff. "I never knew of any big drug deals in this town," Willis recalls. "Maybe a couple of bags of marijuana, but that was about it. But Ellerd kept pushing. His whole idea was to destroy this town, the ski area, the dopers. He didn't like the new people.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GROSS

people who had different ideas and looked at life differently from the way people had looked at it before in this valley. He doesn't like their political ideas. He talks in an old-fashioned redneck way about communism and the threat to America."

Telluride had changed since Fred Ellerd arrived in San Miguel County in 1966. Ellerd, 41, had been a motorcycle cop for the California Highway Patrol until he smashed up his leg in an accident and was retired on full disability. He moved to Colorado following a fishing trip, and in 1969 he was elected county sheriff. Until Ellerd reorganized the sheriff's department in 1970, law enforcement in the county relied on one man, without a uniform, using his own car to patrol 1,500 square miles. With a Law Enforcement Assistance Administration grant, Ellerd hired two deputies, bought uniforms and purchased three new vehicles. Soon he was winning praise in the Denver newspapers, and he was named to the LEAA state board. In his tapered, military-cut shirt he looked like he just stepped out of Central Casting: talking smooth, walking tall and looking good.

But 1970, the year Ellerd reorganized the sheriff's department, was also the year that a wave of young city refugees began buying property in the decaying Victorian town that was the seat of San Miguel County. The Great Spirit of the Uncompaghre ("Shining Mountain" in Ute) smiled on Telluride. In 1972, a ski area opened. In 1973, copper and silver prices soared, and Telluride soon included a prosperous mining community as well as a funky, laid-back ski resort. By 1976, Telluride boasted two movie theaters, two newspapers, annual blue-grass and hang-gliding festivals and the biggest—if not the only—public mixed sauna in America. The once-dying mountain town had become host to the Telluride Film Festival, called by the *New York Times* "a film-world event of major proportions," attended by celebrities such as Francis Ford Coppola, Gloria Swanson, Milos Forman, Julie Christie, Jack Nicholson and German director Werner Herzog. Each year locals crammed into the Sheridan Bar to get smashed with visiting film luminaries beneath the 1896 photo of William Jennings Bryan delivering his "Cross of Gold" speech at the Sheridan Hotel.

Telluride was booming, but not everyone was happy. The town soon became a thorn in the side of Colorado's conservative Western Slope. One old-timer, Old Whispering Jim, refused to come into town from his private claim high up on Tomboy Road. "Every house is full of hippies," he complained. "They sleep wall-to-wall, like sheep!" And Town Marshal Everett Morrow, striding down Main Street in a buckskin vest with a low-slung six-gun strapped to his leg, beat up hippies in the alleys and gave longhairs till sundown to get out of town. One Saturday afternoon he held Bob and Carol Korn—a lawyer and a schoolteacher—at gunpoint for four hours in their home while he sent a deputy for a search warrant to look for grass. Morrow would have been happier back in 1889, shooting it out with Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid as they pulled off their first bank job in Telluride. Some nights, after the bars closed, he could be seen practicing his fast draw in front of the Sheridan Hotel.

Total evidence of "major drug traffic" and "political corruption" in Telluride consisted of 15 peyote buttons, two joints and a quarter-gram of cocaine

To modernize county law enforcement, Ellerd appointed Ross Willis as undersheriff. He then hired as sheriff's deputy John Guthrie, a young Arizona cop, a Mormon and a talented studio musician who had been drummer for Sonny and Cher and the original Three Dog Night in Hollywood. At first, the two men liked Telluride and Sheriff Ellerd, but they soon changed their minds. "Ellerd has a temper and an ego problem," says Willis, who now runs a Conoco station in town. "His temper is terrible. He threatened to arrest me once and I said he couldn't arrest me. He kept coming closer with his finger pointed at me. I said if he poked me, I'd break his finger." Ellerd later fired Willis, blaming him for a "security leak" that purportedly ruined a drug raid in the autumn of 1972. Guthrie quit the department not long after, tired of "one joint arrests, really terrible arrests," and unable to put up with what he says was Ellerd's "lying, his drinking and his childish temper tantrums." Nor did he like Ellerd's attitude: "I just have heard him say it a hundred times—'Fuck the people. I'm the sheriff here. I'll decide what law enforcement should be.'" Guthrie returned to L.A., "to reorganize my rock band and to sort of clear my head."

And Ellerd began to plan a massive drug raid.

The New Government

In April 1974, the "hippie radicals" took over Telluride's town government, winning the mayor's office and five of the seven council seats. The new mayor is Jerry Rosenfeld, ex-McCarthy campaign organizer, Vietnam vet, store owner and short-story writer. When his thick, black beard isn't combed he looks slightly like a worried Allen Ginsberg.

The new council's first act was to fire Town Marshal Everett Morrow, who called the new town officials "a bunch of damn freaks who don't know what they're doing." Morrow and the state liquor inspector had recently barged into a Passover Seder at the Senate restaurant, claiming the participants didn't have a license to serve wine after 8:00 o'clock. That did it, and the overzealous Morrow went back to welding at the mine, muttering to one hippie, "I was raised a vengeful man and I'm going to get my sweet revenge. I'll see you all burning in hell."

Mayor Rosenfeld called rock drummer John Guthrie in L.A. and asked him to be the new marshal. Delighted to return to Telluride, Guthrie took the job and Fred Ellerd re-deputized him. (It is traditional for a town marshal to also be the county sheriff's deputy, to enhance cooperation between departments.) As deputy, Marshal Guthrie hired Jim Hall, also a Mormon, and a longtime friend from their days together at the Phoenix Police Academy. Jim Hall had replaced Ross Willis as Ellerd's deputy for a short time, until he too had been fired in a fit of Ellerd's rage over a personal dispute—"He used to throw fits like he was going to need a straitjacket," says Hall.

The city council, meanwhile, appointed as municipal judge Tom Goldsmith, a former Florida civil-rights lawyer and the owner of the coed Boiler Room Sauna. They voted funds for city-owned tennis courts and a radio station, bought a cog train designed to one day replace cars in town, appointed several hippies to the Planning and Zoning Board, brought in a town planner—and hired pot-smoking, bushy-haired Robert Korn as town attorney.

Bob and Carol Korn had been among the first newcomers to Telluride, leaving Manhattan in the 1970 get-out-of-

Roger Williams is a free-lance writer who fled to Telluride recently.

Body Computer

Discover your body's natural ups and downs with the world's first biorhythm calculator from Casio.

Everybody has ups and downs. Some days you're sluggish and depressed, and other days you have enormous energy and things go right. Many of these body cycles are not only predictable in advance, but they can guide you towards a better understanding of yourself and your friends—all through the science of biorhythm.

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The body has four basic rhythms. The first, called the circadian rhythm, has a 24 hour cycle. Proven scientifically, the body reaches a peak in alertness usually between 6 and 9pm and then drops to a low between 4 and 7am. This rule applies to everybody, even people accustomed to working at night.

The remaining three rhythms, called the biorhythms, are the physical (a 23 day cycle), the sensitivity or emotional (28 days), and the intellectual (33 days). During the positive phases of each cycle or the "ups," your body is expending energy. During the negative phases or "downs," your body is recharging. Critical days occur during the exact middle of a cycle when you are neither positive nor negative. It is the day that causes the body its greatest turmoil and requires the greatest caution. Your biorhythms start from the day of birth and continue on the same 23, 28 and 33 day cycle for the remainder of your life.

HOW TO COMPUTE YOUR CYCLES

Determining your body cycles requires a series of mathematical calculations, graphs and tables. Computer printouts have been used which have cost subscribers as much as $50 per month. Inexpensive but complicated plastic slide rules are also used.

The new Biolator, an outgrowth of America's calculator technology, is a computer specifically pre-programmed to accurately plot your body cycles. The Biolator automatically figures out the number of days you've lived since birth, makes the needed adjustments for leap years, divides by each of the three body cycles, and then translates that figure to three points on a curve above the display. You can then visually see exactly where you are on a specific cycle.

Sound complicated? Not really. To compute your biorhythm for any date just enter that date in digits, subtract your birth date and then press the "biolate" key. That's all there is to it. You can also determine the exact number of days you have lived by pressing the equal key. The Biolator is also a four-function calculator with constant and large green fluorescent display—great for everyday use. Its ability to figure out the exact number of days between specific dates makes it great for bankers and salesmen who have to figure installment contract periods. The Biolator also tells you the exact day of the week for every date you enter.

MANY OTHER USES

Not only can you use the Biolator to predict your own ups and downs and critical days, but you can also use it as a conversation piece at a party, with your girlfriend or with business associates. Use it to anticipate the moods of your wife or children, or as a tool for improved personal relationships; use it to predict the moods and abilities of others and their reactions; or use it as a calculator to replace that outdated one you own.

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Swissair has been studying the biorhythms of its pilots for almost a decade and no accidents have occurred in which biorhythm safety techniques have been applied. The Zurich Municipal Transit Company in Switzerland and Japan's Ohmi Railway Company have reduced accidents by over 50% using biorhythm in its safety programs.

WILL IT WORK FOR YOU?

Not everybody is equally affected by biorhythms. Some people can almost predict their exact biorhythm cycles without charts. Others are affected by one or two of the three basic rhythms. And, still others claim that biorhythms have little effect on them at all.

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AN EASY WAY TO FIND OUT

Do you respond to the three biorhythms? Order a Biolator for $29.95 plus $2.50 postage and handling, (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax.) While you wait for delivery, keep track of your moods, mistakes, physical feelings and right and wrong decisions. Then, when your Biolator arrives, check to see if your body rhythms are indeed those suggested by the Biolator. Check your diary or calendar notes of past accidents or events. Keep the Biolator for a few weeks and continue to test it. If the Biolator does not reflect your true physical, emotional and intellectual cycles, then return it within one month for a prompt and courteous refund. We give you the opportunity to personally test the science of biorhythm on yourself without any risk or obligation. You can't lose!

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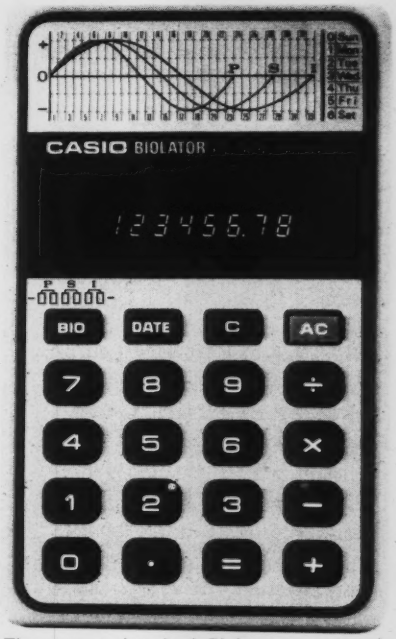

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If, however, you're interested in learning more about Biorhythm, you may also purchase, with your Biolator, an in-depth study by Bernard Gittleson called *Biorhythm, A Personal Science*. The hardcover book is available from JS&A for only $8.95 with your order or separately with $1.00 extra for postage and handling.

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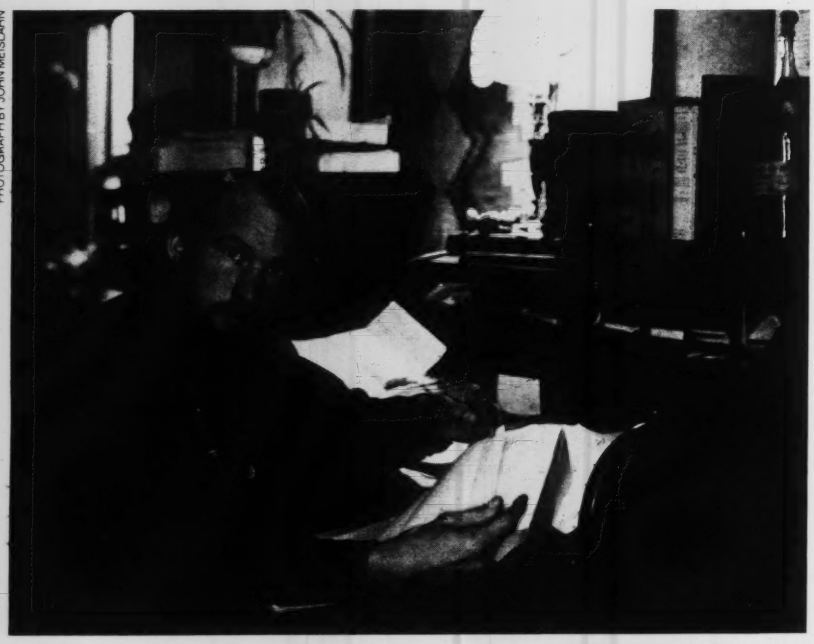

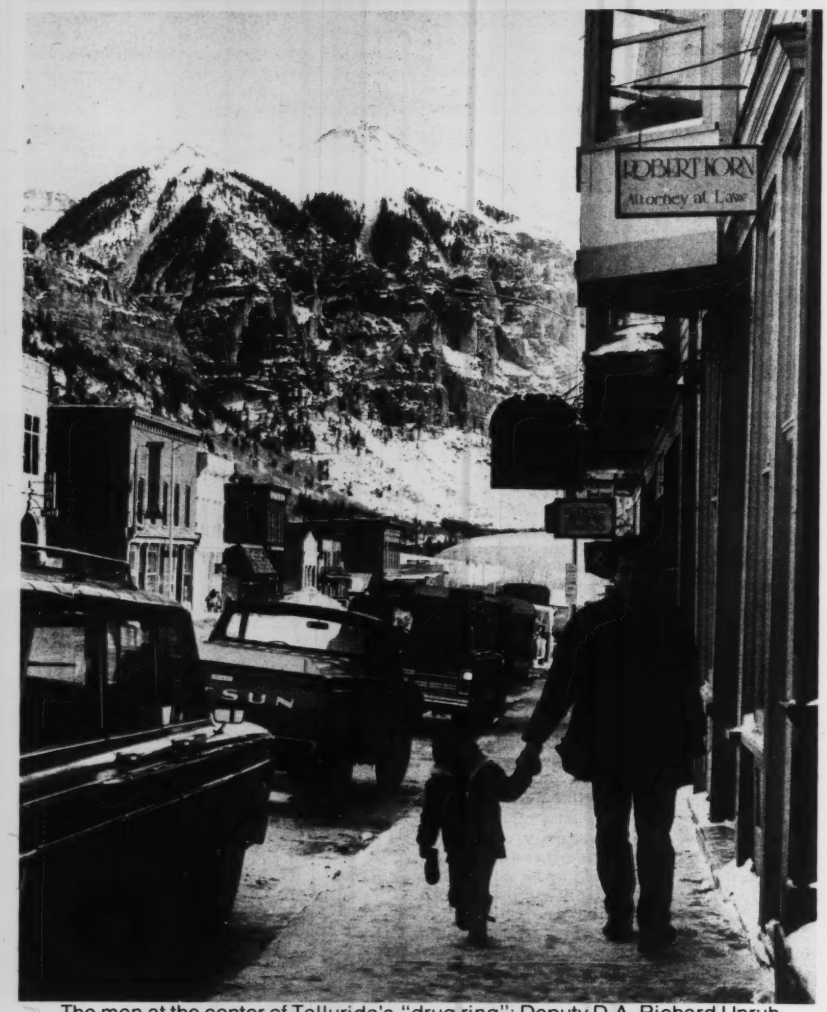

The men at the center of Telluride's "drug ring": Deputy D.A. Richard Unruh (top) and Town Attorney Robert Korn (bottom), outside his law office.

the-cities wave. For the Korns in 1970, being Jewish New Yorkers in Telluride was like being Martians in Minneapolis. They became known subscribers to *The Village Voice*, the *New York Times* and *The New Yorker*. Carol, a schoolteacher, was accused by the sheriff's wife of telling high school boys to burn their draft cards. Bob, now 34, hung out his law shingle, gave flute lessons and climbed mountains. Winning a number of drug cases that Ellerd had bungled, Korn earned a reputation as the best drug-case lawyer on the Western Slope. "People like Bob Korn shouldn't be allowed to practice law," Ellerd often told his deputies. But Telluride had caught up with Bob Korn. He was now town attorney.

Telluride "mellowed out," as they say, that summer—until the sheriff's election in the fall of 1974. Fred Ellerd ran for reelection on an anti-weed platform and accused his main opponent, Deputy Marshal Jim Hall, of being "soft on drugs." Yet, next to the third candidate, Everett Morrow, even Ellerd looked like a liberal. Indeed, a lot of newcomers thought he was, unaware of his 1972 dope busts; and in November 1974, Ellerd was reelected sheriff of San Miguel County. Walking tall and looking good.

The morning after his victory, Ellerd called Marshal Guthrie, who had campaigned for Jim Hall for sheriff, and cursed him out in what Guthrie remembers was language so vile his Mormon ears rang. Guthrie made notes of the phone conversation:

Ellerd: I want your badge and your ID. You're not commissioned by me anymore. I don't want any part of you.
Guthrie: What about liaison between the town and the sheriff's department? You mean we can't come over there, can't go into your office?
Ellerd: I'll kick your ass if you ever step in here.
Guthrie: Quit acting like a baby, Fred. I think you need psychological help.
Ellerd: I just want to tell you one fuckin' thing, Guthrie—you, your fuckin' ass and your family, Hall's fuckin' ass and his family, and Telluride and all the fuckin' hippies in it—I'm sheriff and you better watch your backs and watch my smoke!

In December, Guthrie and Hall hired another deputy marshal, a 38-year-old "street person" from Arkansas named Ron Wood, whom some people knew as a coke freak. "I told Wood he'd have to cut out his dope and his drinking if he came to work for the town," Guthrie said. "He did." Since Ellerd had no use for Guthrie or Hall, he deputized Wood. The city coun-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MEISLAHN

Shangri-la to young, hip city refugees, Telluride nestles at 8,745 feet among the peaks of the San Juan Mountains.

cil sent Wood to the Colorado Law Enforcement Training Academy, and the tall, friendly, drug-using, beer-drinking ski-bum was transformed into a hard-nosed cop. City Administrator Bob Hibschman says, "We sent a hippie to the state police academy and he came back a monster." Wood bought himself a 22-inch sawed-off shotgun and began spending more time with Ellerd than at the marshal's office. He would stride around stiffly in his huge, turned-down Stetson and double-buttoned cavalry tunic, carrying an enormous chrome automatic, talking about how they had to do something about the hippies down on Main Street. Sheriff Ellerd asked him to patrol the mountain and hunt for pot smokers on the ski slopes, but the police commissioner said if Wood did that, the city council would order Marshal Guthrie to fire him. Telluride's old-timers took this to mean that the new city council condoned drugs and was preventing the enforcement of law and order.

Relations between the marshal's office and Sheriff Ellerd became so strained over Ron Wood that Guthrie quit. He's now a police officer in Grand Junction. Jim Hall was hired as town marshal. And then, Deputy Ron Wood suddenly left town for good—but not before he told Marshal Hall that ever since he returned from the police academy he had been a spy for Ellerd. He also said that he was an agent for the Colorado Bureau of Investigation, which, at Ellerd's request, was investigating the new city council and the marshal's office.

The Setup

In January 1975, Richard Unruh, 36, was appointed deputy district attorney for San Miguel County. Unruh, from Kansas City, had worked for legal aid and fought successfully to get 8,000 alien workers' children admitted to the public schools in the Virgin Islands. He moved to Colorado in 1970 and won a class action suit in Greeley, requiring the community hospital to provide free medical services to poor people. After a stint as an OEO lawyer, Unruh arrived in Telluride in 1971 and opened a law office. He has light, steel-blue eyes, lives in a Stetson and a Levi jacket and rides his horses when he isn't skiing . . . or getting stoned. "I've felt guilty about using drugs ever since I became a lawyer," he says. "Because I'm an attorney, I can never say right out, 'Yeah, I smoke dope.' " Unruh also liked to toot up on cocaine now and then, but, as a lie detector test later confirmed, he never dealt drugs of any kind. The only dealing he was known for was in Indian jewelry, his second business.

One of the first things the new deputy district attorney did was to tell Sheriff Ellerd: "Don't bring me any more of your drug cases because I'm not going to prosecute them." He said he wouldn't issue drug-related search warrants either. With Unruh as county prosecutor and Korn as the hotshot local defense lawyer, it looked as if Sheriff Ellerd's days as an anti-drug crusader were over.

But in his campaign, Ellerd had promised to clean up Telluride. He urged citizens to "write to the attorney general in Denver" and "demand action" about Telluride's "drug problem" and "seek the possibility of a grand jury probe." He himself often went to Denver on LEAA business and told state officials there what a den of iniquity Telluride was, that it was a center for "major drug traffickers." (In the spring of 1975, however, he admitted at a public meeting that grass arrives in Telluride only in small quantities, like a kilo under a motorcycle seat.) He further claimed that Telluride was full of people who make money off drugs in other parts of the country.

He was right, at least, about one of those people, Michael Hopkins, a tall, blond native of Wichita, Kansas, who came to Telluride in 1971 and opened a restaurant called the Silverjack Mining Company. Few people liked Hopkins, most found him strange and all wondered about his dark past. A crack pilot, he once told Hall, "I used to teach people to fly across borders for the syndicate. I made good money, but now I'm straight."

Lots of people in town knew about his aborted cocaine run to South America in which his rented plane was confiscated in Lima and his partner jailed in Santiago. In Telluride, Hopkins slept with a loaded .45 above his bed. Some people knew that in 1974 he allegedly made off with a consignment of $8,000 in Indian jewelry from a silver shop in Cortez, fencing it in San Bernardino for a reported 80,000 hits of speed, netting a clear profit of $16,000. Hopkins was always trying to involve acquaintances in a drug deal of one kind or another; he seemed to whisper all the time, talking to people in corners, talking of nothing but how to make money on drugs. Even Sheriff Ellerd knew about Hopkins; he told his deputies, "He's a big dope smuggler. He brings the stuff in from Mexico in his own plane." Telluride resident Peter Jaffe says, "In his three years here, Hopkins not only smoked but sold pot and hash to and with many of the town's younger residents." People knew that if you wanted just about any kind of dope, you went to Michael Hopkins.

After the spring election in 1974, Hopkins bugged the new mayor for a permit to carry a concealed weapon "to protect my jewelry business." Rosenfeld, who had no intention of issuing anycne a concealed weapon permit, asked Ellerd what he thought. Ellerd replied, "Hopkins is a madman; he's too dangerous to be given a permit. He's got a record a mile long." Hopkins had once been arrested in Wichita for carrying a concealed weapon without a permit. Upon checking into his background, Wichita Police Chief Floyd Hannon had decided against giving him a Kansas permit. Hannon wrote to John Guthrie in Telluride: "Our information is that Mr. Hopkins is a qualified pilot who uses his jewelry business as a cover for major narcotics smuggling." They said their conclusions were based on Mafia and organized crime sources. But two weeks later Hopkins had his permit. Neither the marshal nor the mayor would give him one, he bragged to friends, so he got one from Sheriff Ellerd.

Hopkins carried a knife in one boot, a gun in the other and often shouldered a second gun. One Denver attorney who knew him later called him "a sociopath or a psychotic, it's hard to say which. In any case, he lives in a dream world."

What no one except Fred Ellerd knew about Hopkins was that he had been an agent for the DEA; that he was also wanted in Queens, New York, on a charge of selling cocaine; and that he was considered "completely unreliable" and "a liar" when he worked for the federal narks, according to Fred Swartz, chief of narcotics trials in Queens.

Nor did the people of Telluride know that in January 1975 Sheriff Fred Ellerd officially deputized Michael Hopkins and issued him a gun. Hopkins had already been working for Ellerd as an informer for two and a half years, a successful double-agent who continued his speed, hash and coke dealing on the side. In April, Ellerd convinced the newly formed Organized Crime Strike Force to hire Hopkins as a temporary agent. Ellerd enlisted the unstable Hopkins in his campaign against "political corruption" in Telluride under threat of extradition to New York State, where he faced a mandatory sentence of 15 years to life. Urged on by support from conservative members of the community, Ellerd first called in the Colorado Bureau of Investigation and their undercover narks, and then the Strike Force and their *agents provocateurs*, in what the attorney general's office, trusting Ellerd's information, regarded as a "priority case."

For the Korns, being Jewish New Yorkers in Telluride was like being Martians in Minneapolis

After becoming a state nark, Hopkins tried to talk some 30 people, including the new members of the city council, into going to Guaymas, Mexico, with him in a big plane he planned to rent. It's not clear what kind of setup was intended, but Hopkins later admitted his instructions were to "get next to the Town Council." No one took him up on it . . . except Deputy District Attorney Richard Unruh. Unruh had been Hopkins' attorney for three and a half years, and Hopkins' wife had been his legal secretary. Unruh knew Hopkins was "dirty," but he wasn't about to bust anyone for dealing drugs other than heroin. Nor were Unruh and his girlfriend, Dana Queen, going to pass up a cheap vacation in Guaymas. Also on the trip was a "friend" of Hopkins' named Richard Huerta—actually a Tucson narcotics agent on loan to Fred Ellerd and the OCSF as a backup nark. Huerta said he was an Indian jewelry dealer and was buying property in Telluride. The trip, paid for by the Strike Force, was simply to establish Huerta's cover and get him "in" with Unruh. Although drugs were never discussed, Unruh could see that Hopkins knew the business: how to run a smooth cocaine smuggling operation.

One day Unruh brought Huerta to Goldsmith's sauna beneath the Sheridan Opera House, where, as in the ancient Roman baths, a good deal of community business in Telluride is done.

"Who's that big fucker?" Goldsmith asked his longtime friend.

"He's a turquoise dealer from Arizona," Unruh replied.

"He doesn't smell right—maybe he's a cop," Goldsmith whispered.

But Unruh paid no mind to the tall, bearded, leather-skinned Huerta who talked about Indian jewelry in his Spanish accent and wore expensive Western suits adorned with silver and turquoise. Nor did Unruh suspect Ron Pietrafeso and several other "friends" of Huerta's, who began hanging around Telluride, each with a pre-rehearsed role in an elaborate plot to get Deputy D.A. Unruh, along with other members of Telluride's new political power structure. As if in a scene out of *The Magus*, Unruh would find himself at dinner with Hopkins and his "friends" who talked big coke deals—four sober narks who knew the script and one victim who didn't.

First it was "Indian jewelry," then it was Peruvian cocaine, then it was Hopkins telling Unruh, "Just tell these guys you could find a market for it, even though you'll never have to see it," and Unruh saying, "Hell, I wouldn't know what to do with $5,000 worth of cocaine, except to bury it in my back yard." Then it was Unruh wondering what he was doing with these creeps; and it was longtime law client Hopkins telling Unruh he could get out anytime but that he, Hopkins, had to stay in and needed a quick loan of $5,000 or Huerta's "friends" were going to kill him. After the four narks convincingly threatened to kill Hopkins, Unruh says, he lent Hopkins the money. It looked good for Ellerd and the Strike Force, as if they were going to put a D.A. away for ten years. But finally Unruh smelled a rat, changed his mind and told Hopkins he wanted his money back. Hopkins stalled, and Unruh threatened to go to the U.S. Attorney.

The next day the agents brought in yet another nark, a "friend" of Pietrafeso's who told Unruh he wanted to buy property, and took him to dinner at the Senate to talk about it. The nark and his wife and Richard Unruh and his girlfriend, Dana, lingered over the Senate's excellent European food and talked about Jack Dempsey, who used to be the

"If this musical runs long enough to generate word of mouth, the word is likely to be 'blah.'"

Photo: Kenn Duncan

"It is not clear how the notion entered the producers' heads that the saga of Joan of Arc had the makings of a musical comedy. At that crazed moment, they should have consulted an exorcist."

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TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

bouncer at the Senate before he became the Heavyweight Champion of the World—Dempsey *loved* cocaine in those days, the story goes. Then Unruh gave the man a small vial of coke—less than a gram—in the men's room in exchange for the $50 dinner. "This is for you and your old lady," he said. The two snorted some and Unruh says, "I watched it go right to the top of his head." But afterwards, when Dana asked the man for a snort of Unruh's coke, he refused, acted strange, and she became suspicious. Unruh panicked.

All that week, while Unruh was being set up, Hopkins was as busy as a speed freak, meeting and talking with people all over town. He and Huerta paid a visit to Bob Korn's house, and Huerta told Korn he was purchasing some lots and wanted Korn to draw up the papers. Hopkins asked Korn, whom he'd known for three years, if he had any dope. Korn pointed to a small stash on the coffee table, and Hopkins asked if he could roll a joint. Korn said, "Go ahead." Afterward he vaguely remembered that Hopkins rolled two, and that he didn't smoke them, but put them in his pocket when he left.

The two narks then visited a four-year business associate and friend of Hopkins' named Brumby McGehee, a major Telluride landowner and ex-Las Vegas blackjack dealer. Hopkins leased his restaurant building from McGehee. Brumby was a connoisseur of peyote, which has been big in the Southwest for centuries but is now illegal: Possession brings 10 to 15 years in Colorado. Although not a dealer, Brumby would give peyote to his friends. Hopkins asked for and received 15 peyote buttons. No money changed hands.

The day after the men's room incident at the Senate, Hopkins told Unruh he wanted to see him up at his house to talk things over. When Unruh arrived he found Hopkins, Huerta and Sheriff Ellerd. The three were in the kitchen waiting for him.

"There was an electric feeling in the room. I said, 'Howdy, Sheriff,' and sat down at the table across from Hopkins, who whipped out a shiny .45. He rested his elbow on the table and put the gun up to my head. The competition among these three was intense. Each one was telling me how it was going to be. Everyone was in charge." They told Unruh they had him on dispensing cocaine and conspiring to have a third party purchase cocaine. "Well, am I under arrest?" Unruh asked. "No," said Ellerd. "Do you want me to resign?" "No." "Well, what do you want?" "We want you to cooperate; we want search warrants," said Ellerd. "Hopkins has been working for me for three and a half years, and we've got three and a half years' investigation on the people in this town. The state's got a lot of time and money in it, and if it goes wrong it's your ass." That's when Unruh fleetingly saw the long list of names as Hopkins flipped over the pages of his yellow legal pad.

Ellerd picked up the phone and called John Hornbeck, the head of the Strike Force, who was waiting in a motel down in Montrose. Hornbeck talked to Unruh and told him to meet him; Unruh arrived in Montrose the next day. Hornbeck, 30 years old, is a former federal public defender and ACLU attorney from L.A. who decided "to work within the system." To John Hornbeck, the Telluride operation was a place to make a name in the unending fight against corruption in government. Hornbeck and Assistant Attorney General Richard Nathan, 28, took Ellerd's word that Telluride was full of big drug dealers and therefore thought it could be a stepping stone into Aspen, which, says the DEA, has established itself as "a base of operations for major traffickers" in every drug including heroin. Hornbeck wanted surveillance, information, lists, and he insisted that Unruh join the team. . . or he would go to jail and lose his law license. This was June 14. Unruh said he'd think about it and give word on Friday, the 20th.

Back in Telluride, the first person Unruh encountered on the street was Michael Hopkins: "This thing is going down against 78 people," Hopkins reportedly told Unruh, who gave him a withering look. "I decided five years ago I'm going to be a Judas," Hopkins said.

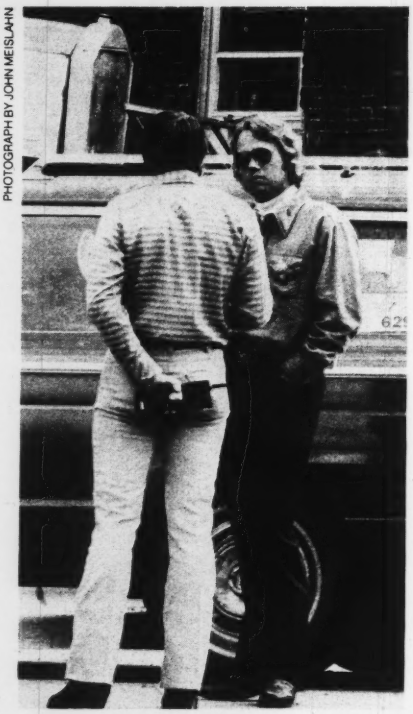
"Dante wrote that Judas and Brutus are the two people in the depths of hell with Satan," Unruh replied.

"And I love it," said Hopkins in his slow drawl.

Hopkins said there were two guys in the Roma right then, and Huerta was trying to buy some dope from them. But the two weren't sure about it, and Hopkins asked Unruh, who knew them, to go in and say that Huerta was cool. Unruh said nothing. Hopkins threatened his life: "Look, I'm the only one that can save your ass—and you know what's in my boot."

Unruh knew, and he walked into the Roma. "I spotted the two at the other end of the bar and walked down to say hello and they asked me, 'Richard, who is this guy Huerta?' " Unruh told them, "Cover your ass" and walked out, casting a sidelong glance at Huerta and ignoring Hopkins on the street as he passed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MEISLAHN



The forces of law and order: Top, Michael Hopkins (back to camera) talks with a San Miguel County sheriff's deputy; bottom, Richard Huerta talks with Sheriff Ellerd during the June drug bust.

Huerta failed to score. Unruh had given his answer.

The Drug Raid

On June 18, Richard Unruh was in his plant-filled Victorian office on Main Street, looking out the big bay window. He saw Ellerd's car scream through town, lights flashing, going in the direction of the Unruh house down by the city park. He went up to the roof and watched Ellerd and his deputy charge inside—few people lock doors in Telluride—and decided home was not the place to sleep that night. He checked into the Manitou Inn, down near the river, and waited.

Also at the Manitou that day was

District Attorney William Knous, D.A. for the 7th Judicial District, which includes San Miguel County. An easy-going, middle-aged D.A. who seldom bothered to prosecute drug cases, Knous was under unofficial investigation by the Colorado District Attorney's Association for what they called "incompetence." Bob Korn had phoned Knous, a personal friend, and said there was some funny business up in Telluride involving Ellerd and a bunch of undercover agents. He asked Knous to come up and investigate. That's when Knous learned that the state had gone around him in the Telluride operation and that Ellerd had said he couldn't be trusted. The Strike Force was taking charge over Knous' head, along with a politically ambitious, unscrupulous character named Frank Tucker, the D.A. for Glenwood Springs (including Aspen). When he found out, the district attorney was astounded: He proceeded to take depositions about Hopkins and Ellerd from a variety of townspeople sent to him by Korn and McGehee. McGehee also turned over to Knous a handful of amphetamines, "mini-whites," that Hopkins had given to him. The town was awash with rumor and fright. "We asked Ellerd if he knew what was going on and he said nothing that he knew of," said Marshal Hall. He added: "The rumors of a big raid shook up a lot of people. . . we thought the sewer system was gong to blow up for all the stuff people were flushing down their toilets."

The next morning, June 19, while Korn was stepping out of his front door on his way down to the Manitou to tell his story to D.A. Knous, Sheriff Ellerd and one of his new deputies raced up the street, grabbed Korn in front of his wife and daughter, Zoe, and threw him roughly up against the car. They frisked and handcuffed him, pushed him inside the car and drove him away.

There is incontrovertible evidence that the Manitou's phone was tapped, which would explain how Sheriff Ellerd and D.A. Tucker knew that D.A. Knous was in town, doing his own investigation and threatening to blow their game. It also explains how Ellerd learned that Unruh was at the Manitou. Marshal Hall had been previously prepared, at Goldsmith's urging, to arrest Unruh when the time came and thereby spare him the indignity of being pushed around by Ellerd or the Strike Force narks. "I wanted to do it in a friendly manner, no frisk or handcuffs," says Hall. "We're friends."

Hall arrived at the Manitou just as Unruh was walking out. A moment later, D.A. Tucker and his CBI agents screeched up in a big, black Buick and saw that Marshal Hall had already arrested him. But Frank Tucker had not come all the way down from Glenwood Springs to have the show stolen at the last moment, so he shouldered Hall aside and latched hold of Unruh. "Wait a minute, this man is my prisoner," said Hall. Tucker paid no attention and threw Unruh into the back of his car, speeding off to the courthouse, nearly running over Hall's feet. Tucker then yanked Unruh out of the car in front of the news photographers who had been invited the day before to come up and photograph the arrests. . . and *then* shook him down and handcuffed him while the shutters clicked. A store owner who happened to be walking by at the time muttered out loud, "Thank God I'm an alcoholic!"

The prisoners and the photographers were escorted into the courtroom. "It was a farce of an advisement," recalls Hall. "County Judge Mary Ellen Inama was being browbeat through the proceedings by Tucker, Hornbeck, Ellerd and the district judge. She was nearly in tears." Hall objected to the presence of photographers in the courtroom and was taken outside, read his rights and warned to keep out of the way.

Korn was charged with a felony for "dispensing" 1.3 grams of marijuana, with bail set at $1,500. Unruh's defense motions were denied and he was taken to jail in Denver in handcuffs, to face state grand jury charges of dispensing a quarter-gram of cocaine and "conspiracy to use others to transport and dispense dangerous drugs," carrying a maximum sentence of 20 years. Bail was set at $10,000. Unruh's girlfriend, then out of town, was also charged with conspiracy. Brumby McGehee was charged with a felony narcotics violation—dispensing peyote. Not a single known Telluride drug dealer had been arrested. Total evidence of "major" drug traffic" and "political corruption" in Telluride consisted of 15 peyote buttons, two joints and a quarter-gram of cocaine.

"Is this organized crime?" asked Mayor Rosenfeld angrily. The city council refused to fire Town Attorney Korn, despite great pressure from the natives to do so.

Ellerd told the press that the

Fred Ellerd strides down a Telluride street: "I'm the sheriff and you better watch your backs and watch my smoke!"

operation had been "aborted," that they were going after a whole lot more people. He promised more arrests. He said, "My staff and I have been gathering information on complaints about illegal activities in San Miguel County since my election five years ago. We have years of investigation on the major people in the area, and if they don't clean up their act—if they continue—they can expect to be arrested." He said there would have been many more arrests this time except for a "leak." The Denver DEA director promised to find the leak: "It will be a full-scale investigation of our internal security, and they are expensive." The "leak" in fact was Unruh and Korn and McGehee telling people that they had been set up by narks, and the operation was blown for Ellerd and the Strike Force when the three invited the district attorney to begin an investigation. Ellerd's arrests had to follow immediately, before D.A. Knous and Deputy D.A. Unruh indicted Hopkins and Huerta for their activities, the facts of which later came out in court. Ellerd said they had planned to continue the operation for another 60 days before making any arrests. At one setup a day, that would have just about taken care of the 78 names supposedly on the list.

The Colorado papers played the story on page one and said the whole thing was "a drug ring run by Town Attorney Korn" who used Deputy D.A. Unruh to sell his drugs. The Grand Junction TV station reported that a "heroin ring" had been broken in Telluride. The *Durango Herald* said Unruh had paid $5,000 for 19 kilos of cocaine in Mexico and then sold some of it in Denver to undercover agents. These were outright lies. Unruh wasn't charged with purchasing cocaine but with "conspiring" to have someone buy an unspecified amount.

"The day after the busts," says Korn, "I heard this slow rumble of a car coming up the hill, very, very slowly. In it were Hopkins and Ellerd. Hopkins was driving. . . and he was wearing a deputy's badge. They drove like a tank through an occupied city, up behind the house, everywhere." For three days and nights, Ellerd and Hopkins cruised the alleys, traveled up Main Street and down the side streets two or three times an hour.

Someone on Colorado Avenue yelled "pig!" at Ellerd and Hopkins as they cruised by, and the two leapt from the car, Ellerd brandishing a shotgun, Hopkins with a sidearm. "Michael Hopkins is a police officer and has been for some time. And I will not have either myself or my men intimidated by anyone in this community," Ellerd shouted at a stunned Craig Chapot, who was sitting on the steps of his house. "You'd better be careful because it will take only one phone call from me to have the attorney general and his task force back in this town." Ellerd told a reporter he was carrying a shotgun because "I had a telephone threat from an unidentified caller that I will be shot in the back."

A *RECALL ELLERD!* sign went up in a Main Street window, illustrated with a small, pink pig. Hopkins received cold stares when he walked through town with his badge and gun. Two agents roughed up Associate Judge David Sklare, the Manitou's proprietor, when he made a crack which they overheard. The owner of the Senate restaurant, Monika Gardner, called Hopkins a "despicable human being," and Senate bartender Steve Catsman yelled, "Asshole." Ellerd promptly served them both with a criminal summons for directing "obscene language at another person." "After that," says Catsman, "Ellerd and his deputies used Nazi-istic intimidation to terrorize my family. They drove behind our house late at night until I told them they were on private property." Ellerd threatened Charlie Kane, owner of the Floradora Saloon, and said he'd run him out of business and out of town if he didn't "clean up his act." Charlie didn't know what Ellerd was talking about, but he could feel the cold finger in his chest as the sheriff, barely controlling his rage, cursed him up and down. "We're going into all the bars and we're not putting up with any more crap in this town," Ellerd told him.

"The rumors of a big raid shook up a lot of people. . . we thought the sewer system was going to blow up for all the stuff people were flushing down their toilets"

Worried and frightened and wondering what was coming down next, the town and many of its residents rallied and formed Citizens for Orderly Law and published a "Community Fact Sheet" that read: "The fabric of our community is being threatened. . . there have been incidents which have confused and frightened many of our citizens. We have reason to believe that the basis of these incidents primarily involves political power and not concern over drugs." Mayor Rosenfeld said to reporters, "The political implications are horrendous. I see these events as a blatant attempt to bring down city hall and to discredit this Administration."Rosenfeld, Terry Tice, Judge Goldsmith and Deputy Marshal John Mansfield drove to Denver to tell their side of the story to the attorney general and the governor. "We were responding to fears that the entire structure of Telluride's government and community life was under attack from the state. Because the fear had reached dangerous levels in Telluride, we felt duty-bound to talk to those who had the answers," said Rosenfeld. *Telluride Examiner* editor Steve Suloway asked Ellerd if he had supplied a list of suspects to the Colorado Bureau of Investigation or the Strike Force. Ellerd refused to answer.

Ellerd defended his drug bust, saying, "I saw nothing political about it. . . . I'd point out that the operation was okayed by Governor Lamm, a Democrat. Most of the people here in town are Democrats. I'm a Republican but. . . I just don't know where they get the idea that there was anything political in it." To support Ellerd, 76 Telluride natives wrote the governor in "a desperate plea for help," urging that the "investigation of criminal activity" continue: "We do *not* want illegal drugs to be available in our town. We do *not* want those who use, sell, procure or give away illegal and dangerous drugs to live among us." The fundamentalist Christian Fellowship also wrote Lamm to tell him they "wholeheartedly support the actions of the police officials in Telluride." Up at the mine, welder Everett Morrow was less restrained. "Well, we got that cocksucker Korn at last," he told his workmates.

But he spoke too soon.

Epilogue

Through defense witnesses' and Hopkins' testimony, it was learned that Huerta and Hopkins had a merry undercover time of it while they set up their friends and enemies. Hopkins, his wife, Mary, and Huerta had smoked Thai sticks and shared several mirrors of cocaine one evening, and Huerta had had sexual relations with a local Telluride woman who was blown out of her head on coke provided by the two OCSF agents, one of whom was also a San Miguel County sheriff's deputy. When they ran out of coke, Hopkins, using state funds, had sent out for more from a local dealer. "We'll write this down as a necessary expense,"

Huerta said. Hopkins, people claim, bought coke from a number of dealers during that time, but none was ever busted. Huerta carried a private supply of hash in a film can and would light up his pipe at small gatherings where he tried to get people to sell him cocaine.

It's not known what the state spent on the operation—six figures is a conservative estimate, or twice the annual law enforcement budget of Telluride—but the prosecution admitted that Hopkins alone was paid $5,000, not including expenses, for two months' work. When the facts started coming out at pretrial hearings in the fall, opening a Pandora's box of juicy material which the papers assiduously reported, everyone began jumping ship.

Governor Lamm called the state undercover agents' actions in the June bust "inexcusable" and "absolutely improper." He said, "You should not break the law to enforce the law." In November, Frank Tucker, the D.A. who used the bust to further his own political ambitions, said he had been "sorely used" and called it "a farce of an investigation." The District Attorney's Association said Attorney General J.D. MacFarlane was on a "power grab" and that his OCSF was really a "disguised state police force." MacFarlane said the use of Huerta and Hopkins had been "a mistake" and that "our credibility was hurt a good bit." He said he no longer discounted defense allegations that Ellerd "wanted to run out the town council," and also said that he had "some evidence" that political differences between the sheriff and the city council may have been part of the reason the Strike Force was asked to participate. The question that remained unanswered, MacFarlane said, "is the methodology and how we got roped into it." The attorney general's office began an investigation of Fred Ellerd and his role in the drug arrests. Richard Huerta (Humphries is his real name) was suspended from the Arizona Department of Public Safety. And Sheriff's Deputy Michael Hopkins, given immunity from prosecution for traffic in drugs in Colorado but not in New York, sat in Wichita, Kansas, receiving death threats.

District Judge George Kempf called it "the strangest and most bizarre case I've seen in 30 years in court." Robert Miller, Unruh's lawyer, called it "the filthiest case I've ever seen." And Mayor Rosenfeld summed it up: "The really sad thing is that the police structure used a badly constructed drug law to bring pressure on constitutionally elected town council members. This comes very close to fascism—that's the way it starts. They have been using drug laws for a long time to get people who are out of favor."

On December 1, after sweating felony charges for almost six months, Korn was finally offered a petty offense conviction and $100 fine by a specially appointed outside prosecutor. He took it. Four months earlier, the Colorado State Legislature had passed a law making possession or dispensing of up to 28 grams (1 ounce) of marijuana a petty offense with a maximum fine of $100. It went into effect July 1, ten days after Korn's arrest. District Attorney Knous testified for the defense at a hearing for Brumby McGehee, saying, "The wrong people are being prosecuted." McGehee's trial is still pending, as are the criminal charges against Monika Gardner and Steve Catsman for shouting at Hopkins. Richard Unruh, who feared a 20-year prison sentence, received a misdemeanor charge after he threatened to go to trial and drag everything out in court. He nonetheless fears disbarment. He has spent thousands of dollars in defense costs and has had to sell his house.

Sheriff Ellerd has not been seen on the streets of Telluride since last June. He seldom ventures out. The supreme law enforcement official in San Miguel County stays in his office in the courthouse. Out of sight, but never out of mind. ●

Future Events Contest Answer Sheet

Circle the appropriate numbers and letters and fill in the blanks. Completed answer sheets should be sent to:
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1.	18.	35._____		84.	96.	108.	119.	130.	141.		
2.	19.	36.	52.	68.	85.	97.	109.	120.	131.	142.	
3.	20.	37.	53.	69.	86.	98.	110.	121.	132.	143.	
4.	21. a b c d e f g h i j	38.	54.	70.	87.	99.	111.	122.	133.	144.	
5.	22. a b c d e	39.	55.	71._____			112.	123.	134.	145.	
6.	23._____	40.	56.	72._____			113.	124.	135.	146.	
7.	24._____	41.	57.	73._____			114.	125.	136.	147.	
8.	25. a b c d e f g h i j	42.	58.	74._____			115.	126.	137.	148.	
9.	26.	43.	59.	75._____			116.	127.	138.	149.	
10.	27.	44.	60.	76.	88.	100.	117.	128.	139.	150.	
11.	28.	45.	61.	77.	89.	101.	118.	129.	140.		
12.	29.	46.	62.	78.	90.	102.					
13.	30.	47.	63.	79.	91.	103.					
14.	31. a b c d e	48.	64.	80.	92.	104.					
15.	32. a b c d e	49.	65.	81.	93.	105.					
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Movies

Pain and fancy

By Richard Corliss

Among the 151 criminal passions catalogued by the Marquis de Sade in *The 120 Days of Sodom* is one diversion in which a man "binds the girl belly-down upon a dining room table and eats a piping-hot omelet served upon her behind, using an exceedingly sharp fork." To the best of my knowledge, this piquant image has yet to be captured on film—perhaps because of miniscule porno budgets and the high price of eggs. Or maybe because a wide range of contemporary filmmakers—from merchants like Alberto Ferro, to upward achievers like Just Jaeckin and Gerard Damiano, to respected members of the European avant-garde like Walerian Borowczyk, to the peerless leader, François Truffaut—are playing more baroque variations on sadomasochistic themes.

We'll get to Truffaut in a minute. But first, a word from our libido. In the last couple of years, as the porno-chic wave subsided and the industry looked for new ways of appealing to its hardcore audience, sex films have turned increasingly to S&M even as they became more academically "well-made." The two trends complement each other. Porn performers are objects to begin with—screwing machines who must calibrate their orgasms to the millisecond—and the sadomasochistic ritual is one that transforms its subjects into sexual objects: purveyors or receptors of pain. Group gropes are *verboten* in the new porn; they're too susceptible to kinkily individual initiative to be controlled by the director. Better the one-on-one whipping, branding or snuffing, mimed by mannequins with flawless features and alabaster buttocks.

The tableaux in these movies could come straight out of a "classy" *Playboy* spread—or out of *Vogue*. Every would-be emotion is filtered through a soft-focus lens, reflected in mobile mirrors and still pools, bisected by venetian-blind shadows. Actors' bodies are reduced to a felicitous series of curves and planes; sometimes they are shot in microscopic close-up, and sexology becomes geology. In this world of Marienbad eroticism and polyvinyl perversity, some gorgeous movies have been produced—but not much pleasure, and not much pain.

I don't mean to moralize about sadomasochism (different strokes, etc.), or to overemphasize its influence on the new cinema. Saying that directors have become sadistic is simply a tabloid-press way of pointing out how closed, arid, formalist their movies have become. And it applies not just to pornmongers but to mainstream types like Kubrick with *Barry Lyndon*, Robert Wise with *The Hindenburg*, Truffaut with *The Story of Adele H.* One filmmaking tendency, in which the director collaborates with his actors and, ultimately, with his audience, has largely given way to another, in which the director is dictator, and actors and audiences submit to his tunnel vision. The moviemaking process becomes an experiment instead of an adventure, and the result is crossword-puzzle cinema.

What's surprising is how this phenomenon relates to the new feminist consciousness, and how S&M cinema is exploring, or exploiting, that consciousness. It's been said before that the major liberation movements (black, gay, women's) all began in moderation, emphasizing their similarities to the (white, straight, male) majority, and then moved radically toward an assertion of their differences. What the oppressors saw as marks of inferiority (the black's "natural rhythm," the homosexual's artistic vulnerability, the woman's capacity for suffering), the oppressed came to see as marks of distinction. Traits that were once considered reactionary are now seen as revolutionary.

The new porn speaks to both sexism and feminism, because its theme is Female Liberation Through Sexual Subjugation. Just as the masochist is often the controlling sensibility in an S&M liaison, so in these films the victim becomes the victor by outlasting her fond torturer, by showing that her in-

Director Truffaut with Isabelle Adjani during the filming of *Adele H.*—"a woman in love with the idea of obsession."

nate tolerance for enduring pain is stronger than his tolerance for administering it. I don't know whether porn audiences appreciate these nice distinctions, but they seem to appreciate the end result—and women moviegoers as well as men. S&M has made it fashionable once again to take your date to a hard-core movie.

So off Wally and Wendy Public go on a Friday night. They go to a grind house to see Ferro's *Sensations*, a decathlon of sexual acrobatics, many of which involve found objects (an umbrella, a pair of panties) and familiar orifices. Or to an art house to see Jaeckin's *The Story of O*, with its gauzy close-ups and ironic sentimentality—soft-pore corn with a subterranean sense of humor. Or to the Museum of Modern Art to see Borowczyk's *La Bête* (to be released later this year), a Seventies gloss on the Queen Bee fable: A horny, bearlike animal attacks a maiden in the woods, ravishes her until she begins to like it, turns her into a "beast" more insatiable than he and finally dies, exhausted by her sexual energy.

Or they go to Damiano's *The Story of Joanna*. After tossing off the amiable *Deep Throat* in four days, and the impressively overheated *The Devil in Miss Jones* in a couple of weeks, Damiano made the mistake (common enough to the gifted *naif*) of reading his press clippings. *Memories Within Miss Aggie* was angled to evoke both Faulkner and *Psycho*, but all I remember from it was that Harry Reems, the Dustin Hoffman of porn, had developed a slight rash on his most bankable asset. Now, with *Joanna*, Damiano seems determined to make the kind of romantic melodrama that Hollywood gave up on in the late Fifties.

I rather admire the director's nutty doggedness here: the forbidding atmosphere he tries to create, using a landmark Newport chateau; the ponderous, portentous dialogue he feeds to his demon lover ("It's not how one lives that matters, it's how one dies"); the subdued lighting that caresses his actors' not-quite-perfect bodies; even a modern ballet that Joanna, in spangled G-string, dances to prove her clubfooted devotion to her master. But Damiano's ambition to become the Ross Hunter of porn is the only perverse thing about *Joanna*. The rest is silliness unredeemed by audacity. Jamie Gillis has played too many creeps in too many sex films to be taken seriously as a desiccated aristocrat; Terri Hall articulates like the winner of an elocution contest in a Queens bordello (hitting the final *t*

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in "I am a cunt"), though her body is eloquent enough. And the sex is so stylized it doesn't connect with anything human, or even animal.

(Contrast *Joanna*'s sex scenes with the sacrificial rites in Radley Metzger's *The Image*. What begins as a bemused look at the infernal triangle—sadist, masochist, voyeur—turns into a voluptuous horror movie, a sort of *Texas Chain Saw Massage*. Metzger, an elegant, serious man who has made some elegant, light-headed films in both soft- and hard-core, has dared here to devise an experience as intense and unpleasant as its subject—one that confronts the physical and emotional consequences of sadomasochism head-on. *The Image* is easily Metzger's best film, but it may prove too repellent, too direct a challenge, to viewers who find it easy to accept Damiano's disembodied S&M.)

Dear Mr. Damiano: Irving Thalberg is dead, and so is the kind of movie he made. Forget about critics; forget *mise-en-scène*. Listen to your old audience, who would rather see your craft ebbing and your schlocky vulgarity reemerging. For their sake, go back to your roots and make a dirty movie.

I'd write much the same thing to Francois Truffaut, if I dared. But it would sound too much like a serf petitioning his king. I agree with Roger Greenspun that "Truffaut is the most brilliant filmmaker currently active." One thing I've always responded to in his movies is the eccentric balance he keeps between the surging humanism of a Jean Renoir and the formal precision of a Hitchcock. Sometimes the scales tip toward Renoir (as in *Jules and Jim, Stolen Kisses, Day for Night*), sometimes toward Hitchcock (*The Soft Skin, Fahrenheit 451, The Wild Child*); and it's the creative tension between these two inclinations that makes his work so exciting.

In *The Story of Adele H.*, however, Hitchcock, the master manipulator, has won out—and it's a hollow victory, for this is a movie about passion. In her early thirties, the daughter of Victor Hugo fell in love with a lieutenant in the English army, and continued to fall, ever more hopelessly, as the lieutenant fell out of love with her. But whereas one might have expected Truffaut to treat this doomed affair with the compassionate reticence he brought to a similar story in the wonderful *Two English Girls*, he views Adele with the

Damiano's *Joanna* represents porn's exploitation of the new feminist consciousness.

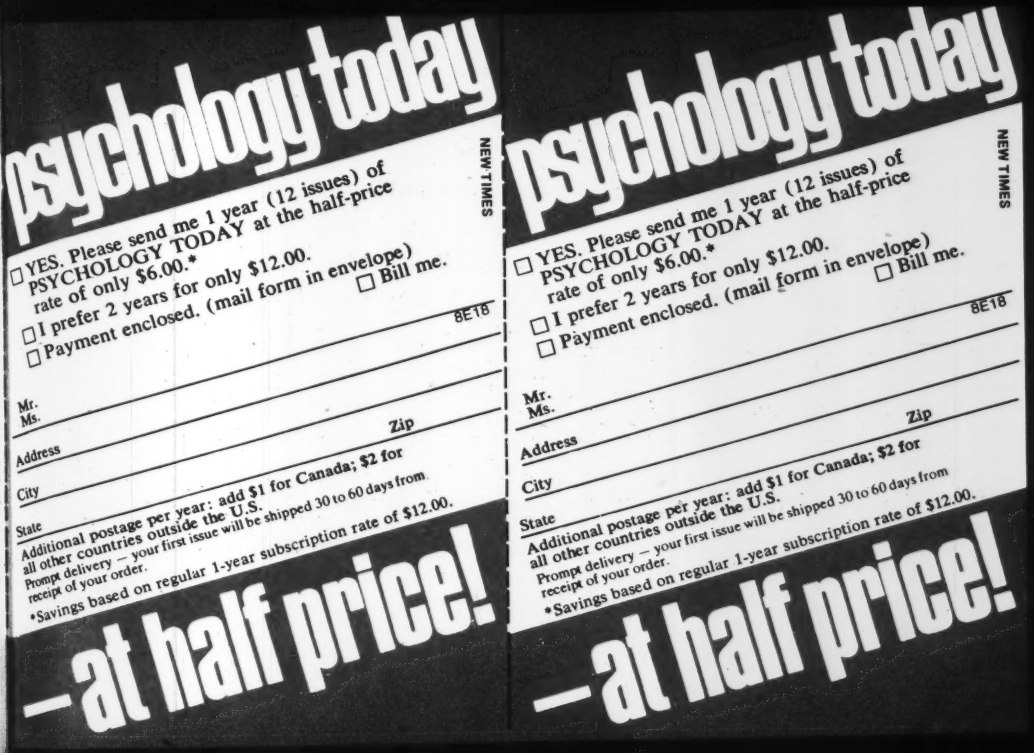
clinical detachment of a pathologist. Even in his warmest films, Truffaut has always been an observer, always at a slight remove from his characters' feelings. But this time he's looking through the wrong end of the telescope.

As played by Isabelle Adjani, Adele is a woman in love with the *idea* of obsession, even as de Sade was in love with the permutations of perversity. What he reduced to geometry, she raises to a philosophy. He desperately needed to hurt; she desperately needs to be hurt. It's important to Adele's masochism that her love object is a smirking cipher—after all, if he were worthy of her love, it wouldn't be an obsession. Her love must be abstract, ideal; only her suffering can be real and physical. And the peculiar nature of the affliction turns her delirium into ecstasy. It's when she's suicidally miserable that she's most alive.

This almost sounds convincing—on paper. It might have seemed viable as a written screenplay. But the movie is stillborn. It lacks the sense of sweet mystery that used to save Truffaut whenever he was tempted to turn smug. *Adele H.* fits into what the director himself once defined as the "aquarium" concept of filmmaking: Everything possible is shot in the studio, and the air and emotions are dead. The "great lady" costume movies of the Thirties—the ones built around Garbo, Dietrich, Bette Davis—had this aura about them, and even they were anachronisms, entombing their stars in social conventions that hadn't survived the silent era. Isabelle Adjani's pale, photogenic face has the innocent righteousness of a D.W. Griffith snow maiden, but it's called upon to suggest subtleties and intensities beyond the reach of a silent morality play.

In his insistence on a claustrophobic mood, Truffaut reduces Adele's father, the exiled monarch of French letters, to an off screen *bête noire* and her dead sister, Leopoldine, to an *éminence grise* whose drowning (at the age of 19) becomes the recurring motif of Adele's nightmares. Adele's correspondence with her father and the desaturated image of Leopoldine's desperate floundering provide the film with its most direct sentiments and strongest feelings. It's possible that the ellipses that puzzle or alienate American audiences wouldn't bother the French—that a Frenchman's familiarity with biographical details about the Hugo family would help place Adele's story in context, and give it some historical resonance.

No doubt about it, Adele was her father's daughter: gifted, darkly romantic, humorless, compulsively "committed." Her star-crossed arrogance makes a little more sense if we know that her father, on returning to Paris in 1870, declared that the city should be renamed "Hugo" in his honor. And we can understand Adele's insecurity as an artist (the young composer keeps hectoring her father to have her music published) when we consider that Leopoldine achieved immortality only by dying young and being commemorated in a Victor Hugo poem. (Could Adele have been the inspiration for Hugo's 1869 novel, *The Man Who Laughs*, with its headstrong duchess who falls in love with the deformed hero precisely because he is so ugly?) In this light, we can even see Adele's pursuit of her shallow cavalier as the expression of a profound death wish. Leopoldine's young husband drowned himself after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fruitlessly trying to save her; Adele may hope that, by marrying the lieutenant, she will come that much closer to duplicating her sister's final, fatal consummation.

There are a dozen fascinating themes begging to be let into this movie. The relation between creativity and insanity; the conception of masochism as a form of sadism; the special neurosis of the famous man's child (from Marx to Joyce to Randolph Hearst); the contrast between the intuitive obsession of the traditional romantic heroine and Adele's fiercely and coldly *willed* obsession—all these are suitable for treatment here. Instead, Truffaut has taken a story brimful with melodrama and metaphysics and turned it into the austere movie equivalent of Alexandrine verse. *Adele H.* is a Hugo novel as dramatized by Racine—except that the story is stripped not to its essentials but to its externals.

If Adjani fails, perhaps it's because Truffaut allows her, and the other actors, only one gesture at a time—and these are often trite. She swoons against her bedroom door; she jerks a hand to her mouth to keep from screaming; she does scream, whine, burst into tears on cue. When Adele faints outside a bookshop, we are aware that Adjani must fall precisely on her mark, to remain within the unmoving camera frame. In one highly wrought scene between Adele and the lieutenant, I suddenly noticed how fetchingly Mlle. Adjani's neck muscles were pulsing. For me, for a moment, the actress had become a body without a soul, objectified like a porn performer.

The historical Adele was 13 when her sister died, 32 when the film begins, 42 when it ends; Adjani was 20 when she played the part. By a stroke of miscasting, Truffaut changed the tragic obsession of a woman aged by experience into a cautionary tale of rabid puppy love. Most audiences know enough from life and movies to expect Adele to grow out of her adolescent crush. At first, Adele-Adjani's callowness makes audiences smilingly indulgent; maybe they're expecting another Truffaut caprice about a young person's sentimental education, or at most a slightly more humid *Summer of 1862.* But when they realize that Adele's hothouse passion is meant to be taken seriously, and that there's no prospect for change in her character, audiences start to titter, to relax their sense of involvement and enjoy the spectacle of Adjani's perfervid theatrics.

I sympathize with these moviegoers. *Adele H.* is particularly difficult to respond to because it begins in the middle of things, with the lieutenant already disenchanted and Adele already disturbed. So we must assume that he once loved her, that she was once lovable. There's no launching point for the depths of emotion the film is supposed to describe and evoke. Like Gena Rowlands in *A Woman Under the Influence,* Adjani doesn't have the luxury of leading us with her on a descent into madness. She starts on a treadmill and, at the end, stumbles off. She must act at fever pitch from the first moment we see her. So it's hard not to see Adele's illness as the sum of Adjani's mannerisms—unless we, like Adele, can fall in love with the impossibility of love. Call it fatalism or masochism, it's a premise only true believers can accept.

You needn't be an acolyte to see that Truffaut's eye, at least, is as clear as ever; the man knows how to make movies. *Adele H.* is a canvas painted in turbulent tones—rich maroons, deep blues, sulfurous silvers—every color in a misanthrope's rainbow. The exquisite realization of each visual detail puts to shame a movie like *Barry Lyndon,* which cost something like 30 times as much. Truffaut has made a surpassingly handsome film; if he had taken it out of the aquarium, it might also have been beautiful. The Truffaut of *Adele H.* puts me in mind of another of de Sade's villains—the one who "gets his pleasure out of disappointing people." Surely this is the subtlest form of sadism, but Truffaut has mastered it here. Given the opportunity to translate romantic obsession into sympathetic images, he has instead sent us a ravishing picture postcard from the dark side of the mind.

Music

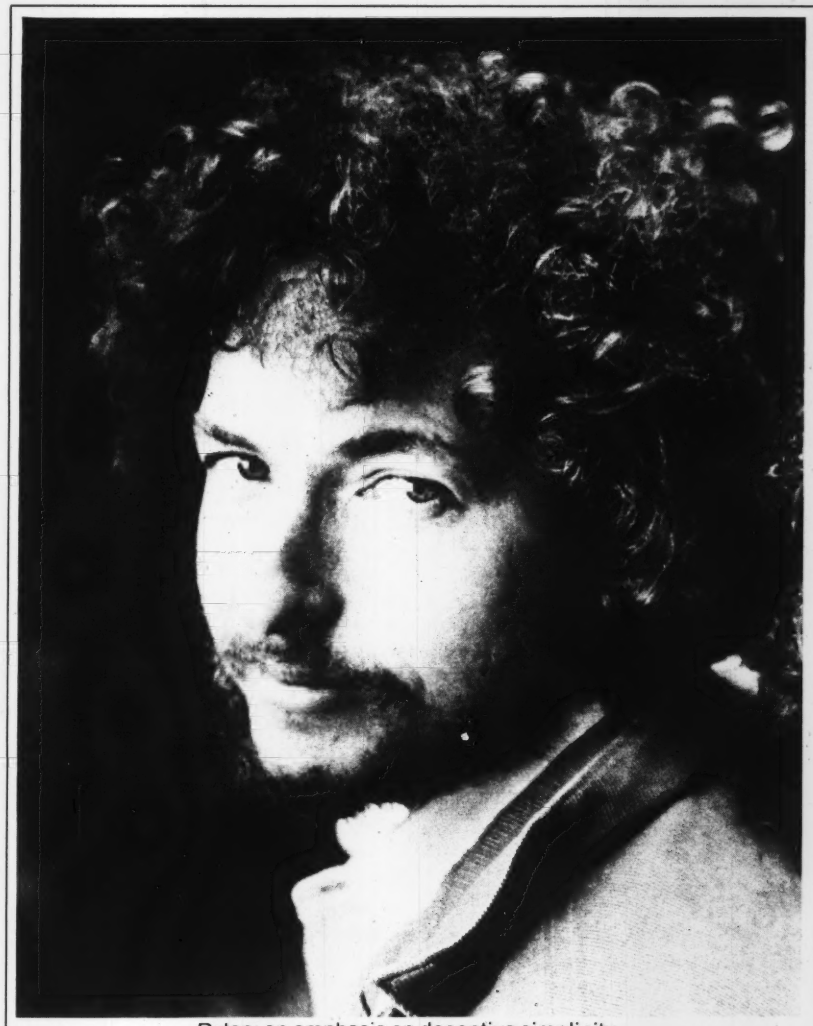
Teasing, calculated *Desire*

By Janet Maslin

In some ways, it might have been easier to savor this album as a memory. I first heard five of the eight new songs on Bob Dylan's *Desire* in their live versions with the Rolling Thunder Revue, and, sad to say, this material plays a lot better to an audience than to an empty living room. The reasons vary: "Romance in Durango" isn't recorded as crisply or sardonically as it was performed; "Isis" on record is robbed of one of the show's most galvanizing images—Dylan dancing a clench-fisted jig. If "Sara" survives in all its piercing beauty, that song also serves to highlight the bloodlessness of the others.

Though *Desire* is quite diverse (neither "Sara" nor "Mozambique" quite dovetails with the rest of the material), there does seem to be a discernible method to it, one which recalls the weakest recent Dylan album, *Planet Waves.* Here again the emphasis is on deceptive simplicity, on the manipulation of myth and on cultivating the illusion of intimacy. This time, though, Dylan simulates closeness not with a lover but with his audience, and so the dubious measure of this album's success is the degree to which the listener can be taken in. Aimed at his audience, though it is ostensibly addressed to his wife, "Sara" deliberately titillates: Dylan sings about having written "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" in the Chelsea Hotel for his wife. (According to Allen Ginsberg's liner notes, this is one of "the last secrets of solitary weeping art. . . .Who woulda thought he'd say it, so everybody'd finally know him. . .?") And "Joey" strives for heroic simplicity by playing dumb—the assassinated Brooklyn gangster Joey Gallo, subject of this 11-minute dirge, observes in the first verse that his life is the way it is "just because." "Hurricane" makes strident and painfully lame reference to "the jail house/Where they try to turn a man into a mouse."

In the latter two cuts, it's hard to tell how much of this overbearing ingenuousness is Dylan's own doing; the lyrics of six of the eight songs here have been co-authored by Jacques Levy, who once served Roger McGuinn in a similar capacity. (The two co-wrote "Chestnut Mare.") Levy seems to have most influenced Dylan in terms of nar-



PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

Dylan: an emphasis on deceptive simplicity.

rative form and mythic resonance; the album attempts a number of lengthy scenarios, this time cultivating a more judgmental air than that of "Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts," the *Blood on the Tracks* cut that prefigures *Desire*'s storytelling. The two longest and simplest of these songs, "Joey" and "Hurricane," derive their drama less from their music than from real stories, stories which are surprisingly incompatible with one another. Is Joey Gallo meant to seem as tragically victimized as Hurricane Carter? In "Joey," Gallo's prime redeeming features appear to be his having read Nietzsche in prison and his humane refusal, in later life, to carry a gun. Dylan's point may even be that form itself is all that matters, that a mythopoeic process can lend resonance to almost any biography, but it seems more likely that the song is a simple miscalculation. Dylan's genius for mythologizing his own life, amply demonstrated in "Sara," fails to accommodate or reshape the unfamiliar details of Gallo's story. In any case, there's a musical gap between the two efforts, if not a theoretical one. "Hurricane" bolts along on a tough, vigorous melody (the mingled rhythms of the lead-in, with the faster one soon overwhelming the slower, make for an especially nice touch). But "Joey" is dreary and droning, and I'm not entirely sure Dylan didn't bring up the matter of Gallo's taste in literature simply for the sake of rhyming "Wilhelm Reich" with "stop a strike."

Says-fez, blew-beaucoup, necklace-reckless, begun-obsidian: Dylan plays with words more energetically here than he has in years, seeming more interested in detail than he is in the Big Picture. *Desire* revels in rhymes and images for their own sake, though it never allows them to become abstract or absurd the way Dylan's earlier songs delighted in doing. Instead, *Desire* strives for a narrative linearity which sometimes sags enough to border on the mundane; "Romance in Durango" is little more than Dylan's answer to Marty Robbins and Sam Peckinpah, with wearily appropriate references to Aztec ruins, castanets and gold earrings. "Mozambique" is either a chanted travelogue or (if a bit of tacit politics is meant to be discerned amidst lines like "The sunny sky is aqua-blue") an *ironic* chanted travelogue; whichever the case, the song's melody and arrangement are entirely undermined by its mincing lyrics.

"Isis" is less coy, more like a vivid, tangled dream. But it's Dylan's terse, jaunty vocal that makes the song move, rather than the tale of a mysterious quest; the concert audience burst into spontaneous applause at his droll, then suddenly triumphant phrasing of the next to last verse ("She said, 'You gonna stay?' I said, 'If you want me to—*yesss*!' ") without knowing or caring what the whole long fable had been about. On "Black Diamond Bay," an unusually (for this album) strong melody collides with dense, clever verbal clutter, making this the most interesting and flexible of the narrative songs. But only "Sara" combines lyrical precision with a real melodic tug, and, besides, only "Sara" strikes a raw nerve. One wonders not why Dylan didn't make the rest of the album this powerful but, instead, how he even managed to bring forth one such song at all, though the song's ultimate purpose seems less to express Dylan's feelings toward his wife than to depict the singer as a person capable of experiencing them—and, in a lesser sense, to recast painful memories with hindsight. "Sara's" assertiveness recalls *Planet Waves'* desperate description of marital bliss, though this time the mood is considerably more defensive yet complacent.

"Sara" describes loss and terrible longing; in concert, the most wrenching thing about it, the thing that seemed most to humanize Dylan, was not the detailed description of his marriage but rather the idea that this most elusive figure could himself be eluded. The sense of loss runs from "Sara" all through the rest of *Desire*, but it's never so movingly articulated elsewhere. Scarlet Rivera's mournful violin serves as lead instrument, sometimes accompanied by Dom Cortese's equally morose mandolin; either way, there's a hollow feel to the arrangements, a palpable absence of electric guitar. Rivera plays beautifully, but the album may have used her to excess; with nothing to offset its tone and little stylistic variation in Rivera's embellishments, the violin verges on being thick

and oppressive. EmmyLou Harris' syrupy backing vocals have a similar effect, and her voice brings out a shrill side of Dylan's. The album's musical buoyancy, what there is of it, derives almost exclusively from Dylan's own vocal flourish; his singing here often matches the heights he reached on *Blood on the Tracks*.

Desire isn't an album to be listened to casually; "Sara" is just too blistering, "Joey" too literal and long. But neither is *Desire* as rewarding, upon closer scrutiny, as one might hope. The ostensible openness of "Sara" notwithstanding, this is a coolly composed work with little of the emotional or creative thunder the Dylan of the tour generated in such heady abundance. And in place of that intensity, the album has a depressing air of teasing calculation, from the cover notes' curious allusions to Bruce Springsteen, Patti Smith and Jackson Browne to the credit that "This record could have been produced by Don DeVito." The blunt, direct title and the fresh, full-color portrait of Dylan on the front cover become all the more dispiriting as they recall the warmth and chemistry of the tour. For reasons *Desire* never makes clear, Dylan is not able to recreate, nor interested in rekindling, that glow.

Books

A jackdaw's nest

By Geoffrey Wolff

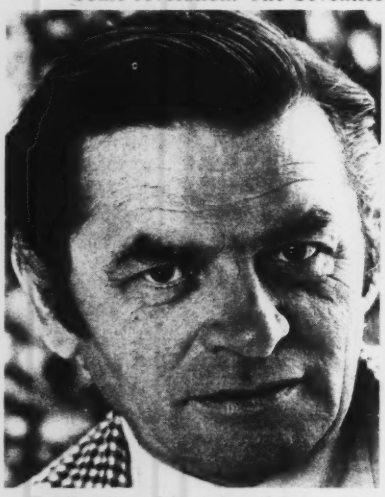
The Spoiled Child of the Western World *by Henry Fairlie.* Doubleday (350 pp., $8.95).

Since the time of de Tocqueville, Europeans have busied themselves with Americans, telling us what we're really like, and trying to straighten us where they find us most badly bent. Henry Fairlie is English, but he has lived since the Sixties in the United States, a place and collection of ideas he cherishes and hopes with this book to help mend. Fairlie is a gifted writer usually, and nobody's fool: He was the chief editorial writer for the *London Times*, and has been a columnist for several British newspapers. It probably does his reality no offense to say that he is of a conservative temperament, if by the word "conservative" is meant an animosity toward quick and quack cures for social ills and an affection for commonsensical forms and procedures.

Fairlie believes that we Americans have strayed from our promise, purpose and possibility, that we have indulged and misled ourselves with nostrums and evasions, that we have submitted to the chic of gloom and a love of things set arsy-turvy. Fairlie's view of the hook upon which we have set ourselves was described by Saul Bellow's Moses Herzog, complaining of "safe, comfortable people playing at crisis, alienation, apocalypse and desperation." Spoiled children, if the description fits.

As his representative spoiled American child, Fairlie chooses little Jerry Rubin, and quotes his mischievous provocations as though they were the representative cornerstones of an American creed of permissiveness. At first glance it seems that Rubin has been set up merely to be knocked over, but hear him: "Revolution for the hell of it? Why not? It's all a bunch of phony words anyway. . . . One learns reality on a subjective experience. It exists in my head. I am the Revolution. . . . Age—what's age?—we don't even carry a watch. . . . We live *now*. . . . When you're high on pot you enjoy only one thing—the moment. . . . The revolution is *now*. We created the revolution by living it."

Some revolution: The Seventies have leap-frogged the Sixties right back to the comfortable lap of the Fifties, or so it seems. And everywhere the signature reveals evasion, a retreat from responsibility for our condition into mysticism, and to self-made models of god and the fallacy of genetic imprisonment. Notional abstractions have long been the vice of Americans. The *idea* of America is itself, as Fairlie recollects, a preposterous artifice, demonstrated by a report in a British magazine that on polling day in 1972 it had been "raining in America." Where is America? Arizona, Oregon, Florida? Knowing the reply, Fairlie asks, "This is a nation?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY NANCY CRAMPTON

Fairlie: His subject, Americans; his purpose, to make us care for ourselves.

Americans have learned to trade in rhetorical fallacies—the words "America" and "national purpose," let's say—and to celebrate their uselessness. Because the nation is not the single place of single purpose that politicians describe, they repudiate political action of every kind. Americans like to think of themselves in extreme terms, as divided one from another, or as crowded too close together, or as homeless: "The theme of the homelessness of man, since the death of god, is so seductive, its imagery so powerful, that it is sometimes necessary to meet it with a curt common sense. . . . Most of us are able to observe, at the end of a day, that the majority of people make their way to a house which they can find, put a key into a lock which it fits, walk into a place that they can recognize, are greeted by the familiar, and say with confidence and usually with relief: 'I am home.' "

So too do we retail such reflexive linguistic misrepresentations as that of "the masses," of the notorious or beloved "common man." Who is he? It is not possible, in Fairlie's vision of things, to accommodate ourselves, much less our brothers and sisters, if we persist in regarding people as they are not, as undifferentiated mass, and raw, acted-upon matter. Everywhere we see contingency and mutability, and are affrighted by them; the "rejection by science of its own claims to certitude is the most shattering event in the contemporary world," Fairlie believes, and certainly Darwin, Marx and Freud, the tripod upon which rests our epoch, have taught that change is our only certainty, that revolution is organic and that nothing is as it seems.

While we are cast down by such speculation on our limits, Fairlie is lift-

ed up. If nothing is determined utterly, if the conditional is our given, then anything, he believes, is possible. We are our own authors, but if our creation is to bring that "happiness" promised by the visionary authors of our society as our inalienable right to pursue, then our purpose must be a common purpose, undertaken in the name of what Fairlie calls the "human estate." He is fond of the description, and tries to define it: "To talk of the human estate is to speak of what we ourselves have made. It is our artifice. Because it is artificial, it is that part of our reality which is most directly accessible to us, in which and on which we may act with our wills. . . . Our estate is not the human condition in which we are placed . . . it is the human place which we have made, in which we may modify our condition."

Fairlie's declarations are difficult to catch by the tail: They're twisty and slippery, but their presence as living forces may be felt. He is surely onto something important in this book, but it is not, I think, precisely the thing he thinks it is. It is not as clear as he believes that his book is about modern Americans rather than modern man and woman, our contemporaries everywhere in the West. Nor is it certain that the unsettling consequences of scientific discovery are more extreme today than they were in the time of Galileo or Kepler. (I commend to Fairlie a reading of John Donne's *Anniversary* poems.)

Fairlie has tackled a huge subject, which is itself mutable and hedged up with exceptions of every kind and degree. Sometimes he is simplistic, and sometimes labored; he describes himself, with commendable honesty and unfortunate accuracy, as a "jackdaw," collecting bits and pieces, index cards and pages from the hundreds of books included in the notes and bibliography. A single page of this book, a representative page, refers to Ortega y Gasset, Walt Whitman, Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, John Barth and Andy Warhol. Its weight of quotation crushes its narrative drive, and too often deflects Fairlie from his own elusive purpose in having written, or rather compiled, *The Spoiled Child of the Western World.* The purpose is somehow noble, and certainly brave, and at its base it is neighborly, an effort to make us better care for ourselves. Jackdaws, as Fairlie says, collect sticks for their own purpose, to build a nest, and their industry is, as Fairlie also writes, or quotes, "as marvellous as often it is futile."

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An end to Cher nonsense

Final Tribute

By Marie Brenner

On the face of it she was as smarmy and silly as one of her routines. She was the ultimate parody—Lily Tomlin-playing-Cher. But somehow, when the clapping stopped, only the little Indian with the hair to her waist and the bugle beads and the electric navel was left—she couldn't step out of her role. From the Girl Scout of Acid Rock, she had grown up into Barbi Benton. She was a sex symbol, but she had no breasts. Just layer after layer of those sequins and the individually glued "permalashes" and the Daniel Eastman pancake for the hot lights. She said that was why her skin broke out, the pancake makeup under the hot lights.

Except she always had zits, even when she was a kid, a scrawny teenybopper cruising Sunset, checking out the fan mags at the Safeway, wearing cashmeres, talking on her princess phone, skipping classes at Montclair Prep, singing in the back of the art room with 31 flavors' Edie Baskin, walking down the halls with little Sinatras or baby Ray Charleses. She was a Los Angeles child, a daughter of the Golden Dream. At age 16, she dropped out, ran away from home. Her mother was on husband 5. The year was 1962.

By 1964, she was Mrs. Sonny Bono, and she had begun to sing. His songs like "I Got You, Babe" created her; she wallowed in it and she let us do her in. Not a cliche would pass her by, nor a turn of popular phrase, not a fad or a gesture; she never missed the slightest nuance of what was in or what was hot. She could be a Streisand or a Midler; perhaps if she'd met Charlie Manson instead of Sonny Bono, she might have wound up a Squeaky Fromme. She was a sponge, a sieve, a mirror of the times, only nobody was letting her in on the joke. Not CBS, not Sonny, not her mother (now on husband 8), not her analyst, not her *est* trainer, not her beauty minion. Even those who owned a piece of her contributed to her fall; her press agent cranked out material on her pregnancies and abortion. Eventually, everything backfired: Ex-husbands sued boyfriends, her second marriage was over almost before it began, she glommed from man to man and, in the midst of it, her father filed suit against her, charging Cher with invasion of his privacy and damage to his "business relationships."

So in 1975, we found a new-model Cher—the woman alone. She would make it in a man's world, by herself; she would tough it out. She was,

KEN REGAN CAMERA 5

everybody knew, just a street kid. Even if she wore $5,000 dresses, even if she lived in 32 rooms. What she didn't count on was that nobody would want Pat Loud without Bill; nobody wanted Gracie Allen without her straight man. Cher alone didn't have a chance.

She was over, but she took a year to crash. First came the hype, the 747 of a media campaign to prove she could make it in the world alone. Her own show. Tragic how they pumped her into grotesquerie, poured her into two tons of Moll Flanders and outsize wigs. Bob Mackie *souffle* nets. They made her Kabuki theater and tried to clean her up. For comedy, she hurled bricks at Frigidaires or pretended she couldn't snag a man. It was ludicrous. They debased her, made her a walking joke. Each week, she'd bring home $25,000, but the handwriting was on the wall.

And on the financial page. The hot stock was to have been Mego International, Inc., a toy company on the American Stock Exchange that produced Cher dolls. In October, Beverly Hills brokers predicted that tens of thousands of the dolls would flood the stores by Christmas; they said Mego, then at 12, could go to 20, maybe even double. By December, it had bounced to 10, then dribbled down to 9. CBS had thrown her up against *The Six Million Dollar Man*, and *Cher*—the woman alone—didn't have the stuff. She bombed. Her ratings slipped.

Still, they wouldn't let her go with grace, wouldn't quietly pull the plug or put her out to pasture. "Sonny and Cher Make It Official. . . ," *Variety* screamed. "They'll Team Again (Biz Only)." Their new venture begins on February 1, at 8:00, on CBS. Though her fans have seen her falter, her failure has been papered over, as if she never stumbled. So quickly was the classic duo recycled, perhaps they hope we'll forget we saw her fall.

But we can't and we won't. The dog reminds us of the pony, and without each other there is no act. Standing next to Sonny at their Beverly Hills press conference, Cher must have realized that she didn't make it as a solo. Neither does he, but he was never asked to legitimate the incredible media hype. He was never on the cover of *Time*. He was not one of *People*'s "most intriguing" people of 1975. But Cher was—and Cher isn't. Neither of them is a star—only, at most, half a star. At the press conference, there was scattered applause, but it was hollow, like the sound of one hand clapping. ●

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